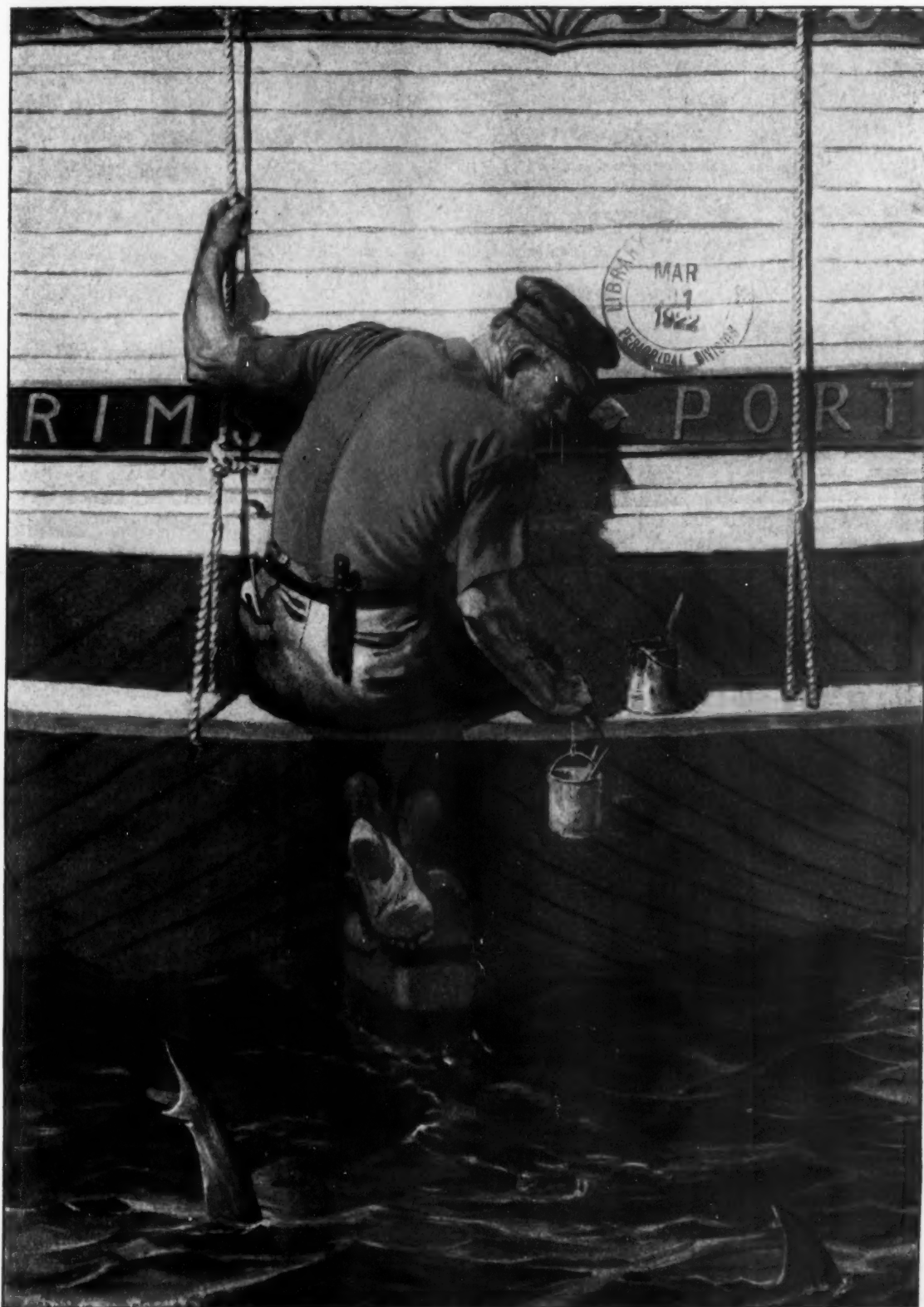


10^c Leslie's Weekly 10^c

APRIL 1, 1922

"News That Makes Us Think"

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Copyright, 1922, L.-J. Co., New York

Time for Lunch!

Painted by ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Editorials—By Samuel Hopkins Adams



PAUL THOMPSON

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

FOR two months the readers of Leslie's Weekly have been enjoying the great privilege, without knowing it, of reading editorials from the gifted pen of Samuel Hopkins Adams. Mr. Adams, famous as a novelist, magazine writer, social investigator and keen observer of American life, now steps forth into the open as a contributing editor on Leslie's staff. Henceforth he will conduct its editorial page under his own signature. Mr. Adams's clear vision and his terse, pungent, vigorous style of utterance speak for themselves; no further introduction seems necessary.

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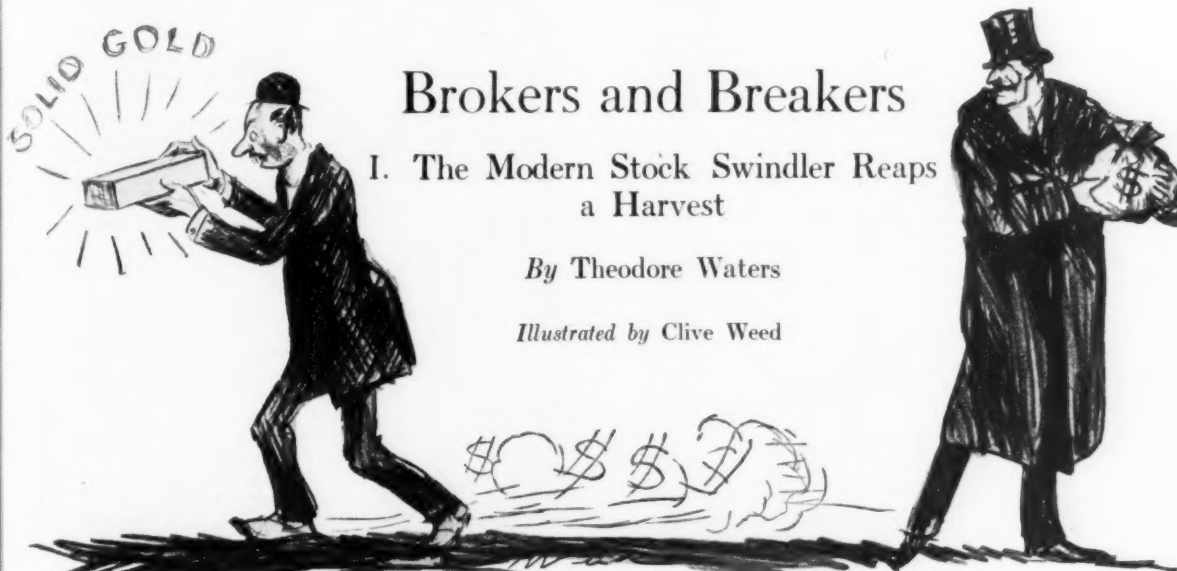
WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON
Editor

JAMES N. YOUNG
Managing Editor

HOWARD E. MORTON
Associate Editor

HORACE GREEN
Associate Editor, Washington, D. C.

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Brokers and Breakers

I. The Modern Stock Swindler Reaps a Harvest

By Theodore Waters

Illustrated by Clive Weed

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Every newspaper reader is familiar with the amazing series of failures in Wall Street, which has recently brought again to public attention the menace of the stock swindler. A number of these failures occurred among bucket shops—that is to say, stock brokerage houses that do not really buy and sell stocks, but simply bet on them against their customers. Operators of this sort have many different methods of separating the unwary from their money, methods which are constantly being improved upon as each generation provides a brand new grist of prospective victims. Don't let them get your savings. In this and subsequent articles of this series, Mr. Waters explains in his usual vivid manner the ways in which the stock swindler outwits even those who think they are exercising caution.)

BEFORE writing these articles on the stock swindler of to-day I visited the New York district attorney's office, presided over by Mr. Joab H. Banton, with a view to learning just how widespread had become the modern system of separating the sucker from his money. For weeks past the daily papers had been full of reports of the failure of dozens of brokerage concerns, some of them reputable enough, but many of them bucket shops pure and simple. Of course it was to be expected that thousands of people had been hard hit by these failures—people living in every State in the country. But I was hardly prepared to witness the crowd of men and women who, now that their money was gone, thronged the offices and corridors of this court of last resort in a vain endeavor to recover some of their stolen money.

They were of all sorts and conditions of humanity, from men and women of obvious respectability and erstwhile prosperity to people who in appearance at least

were of the humblest strata of society. How some of them ever could have managed to gather together the small sums they thought they had invested was hard to imagine. Hard-headed business men [ivory hard, no doubt], refined looking women, servant girls, peddlers from the East Side, foreign looking people whose complaints had to be interpreted into English, bright looking lawyers who represented bashful clients, perhaps, apologetic citizens who did not want to trouble the district attorney, "but if anything could be done, you know," etc., a few of them bent on such revenge as might result in "showing the rascals up," but the most of them hoping against hope that the law would in some manner or other get their money back. False hopes in nearly every case, for after all the function of the district attorney's office is the punishing of crimes; the recovery of money lost through the commission of those crimes being incidental, however desirable.

All day long they came and went, some vociferous, some meek and cowed, some weeping, but all exuding a certain air of mystification as though they found themselves unable to comprehend just how this thing could have happened to them anyway. They had been allowed to win in the first place, you know, for it is always arranged that way. They were on the way to fortune, and now this sudden final reversal, truly it was inexplicable. And yet they represented but a small part of those who have lost, for the number of letters received was much larger than the number of those who called, and these in turn were probably but a fraction of the number of those, who, realizing that they had been duped, preferred to suffer their

losses in silence. Publicity is sometimes undesirable, particularly in the cases of small town bank officials, leading citizens, trusted business partners and such like, who, having allowed their cupidity to outrun their common sense, cannot afford to become complainants.

The lesson of the picture, as it impressed me at least, was its expression of the gullibility of the general public, and this impression was heightened after I had heard some of the stories told by the district attorney and his assistants. Perhaps the reader will not agree with me after I have related those stories, for truly enough the modern swindler is a super-psycho-analyst, in a class by himself, and once his clutches have become fastened upon his victim, the latter must needs be something of a superman himself if he is to pry himself loose. However, let us see how this may be.

In the classification of the district attorney's office modern stock swindlers are divided roughly into three classes: The "wireless wire tapper," the bucket shop operator and the fake stock seller who for the most part solicits by mail. The "wireless wire tapper" has nothing to do with the con man, who affects to tap wires so that his victim may win big bets on the race track. His cognomen is merely one which has been bestowed upon him by his confraternity and relates to his ability to use fake telephone calls over wires which do not in fact exist. He is the descendant, or rather the successor, of the fellow who used to play the old-time "sick engineer" game. We shall treat of him first.

In the old days the victim was approached by one of a mob of confidence men, who told him a weird story of having

made the acquaintance of an old prospector who had discovered a gold mine, but did not realize its full value. The old prospector lay sick unto death and wanted to cash in on his find before he passed out. Of course the confidence man had made an investigation and found that the mine instead of being worth the paltry \$10,000 at which the prospector held it, was really worth nearer \$1,000,000. If the sucker swallowed the bait he was taken to see the sick man, who looked and acted his part to perfection.

There he lay in imminent danger of passing. Apparently suspicious of every word and movement around him, it was only with difficulty that he could be persuaded to take from under his pillow the little buckskin bag of gold nuggets which clearly indicated the richness of his mine. On the earnest representation of the confidence man he would allow the sucker to take one of the smallest nuggets and have it assayed. But, and this was whispered by the con man in the sucker's ear, it would be necessary to move quickly for "the old fool might die at any minute," in which event the whole property would pass to his heirs. If the sucker was a real "come on" and not over-scrupulous about taking advantage of an old man's predicament, the trick often worked. The money was paid over, the title passed, the con man and his confederate decamped for parts unknown, and the sucker was left with a handful of nuggets for his \$10,000. Sometimes he would not even get the nuggets, which the old miner would ask to be allowed to retain as a souvenir of his life in the field.

This game was successfully played again and again. But how differently it is done nowadays! The old mob were pikers as will appear from the following story, which was told to me by Assistant District Attorney Albert B. Unger, who vouches for its truth. Fictitious names are used.

One day recently Mr. Smith, dwelling in a New York suburb, was called upon the phone by a man who said he represented Messrs. Blank & Co., "well-known bankers," and who wanted to know if Mr. Smith would like to buy some Thingamajig Oil Co. stock. Mr. Smith almost snorted in reply. No, he did not wish to buy any Thingamajig stock. He already owned 100 shares of that stock which he had purchased a year before and which he would be glad to get rid of, if any price could be obtained for it. He considered it worthless anyhow, "not worth the paper it was written on." The voice assured him that he must be mistaken. The stock was worth money, \$50 a share, and it looked as though there was "something doing" in it. Mr. Smith did not want any more, however.

Two days later Mr. Smith was again

called up and the voice at the other end of the wire informed him that by a peculiar coincidence they, Blank & Co., had received a call for some Thingamajig stock and wanted to know if he would be interested in disposing of his 100 shares at \$50 a share? Would he? Wow! Lead him to it.

But, said the voice, that was not all there was to it. As a matter of fact they had an order for 1,000 shares of the stock, and was it possible for him to procure 900 more shares, add his 100 to the lot and let them sell the 1,000 for him at \$50 a share? No, Mr. Smith did not know of anyone who had 900 shares to sell, and anyhow why could they not go out into the market, purchase 900 shares, add his 100 to them, and thus supply their customer with the asked for thousand. But Mr. Smith did not understand. You see they already had 900 shares in their own lock box, but they could not very well trade against customers in that manner.

It would not be ethical; the law would not permit it. However, could Mr. Smith find it convenient to come to their offices next morning?

Mr. Smith could and did. He found a beautiful suite of offices, also the young man who had talked to him over the wire. He was introduced to one of the firm's partners, who persuaded



"I was well on my way to Philadelphia before I realized I hadn't received my stock certificates or my money either."

him that it would be a very simple matter for him to purchase the 900 shares at \$50 a share, add his own 100 shares to them and let them pass the completed 1,000 lot to their customer, who would be in during the following morning. Mr. Smith agreed to do this. But being a wide-awake business man, nobody's fool, you know, he required that as soon as he had given them his own check for \$45,000 and his 100 shares, they in turn should give him the firm's check for \$50,000; that is, for 1,000 shares at \$50 a share. H'm, well they would have to have the consent of an absent partner to do this. But they would get him on the phone at his country place near Greenwich, Conn., and ask him to agree. So the partner then pres-

ent apparently called up Greenwich and obtained a reluctant consent from the absent one. Of course Mr. Smith did not suspect that Greenwich was not called at all, but that the voice he heard grumbling over the phone was coming merely from a distant part of the beautiful suite of offices, which is where the wireless wire-tapping came in.

So Mr. Smith wrote out his personal check for \$45,000 and the persuasive gentleman in turn wrote out a firm check for \$50,000, accompanied by much exactitude in the matter of getting Mr. Smith's name spelled exactly right, etc. But suddenly he stopped writing, gazed blankly at Mr. Smith and exclaimed:

"Well, how annoying! There's that fool partner of mine has authorized me to give you this check and he knows very well it is a two signature check. I should have thought of it myself. Oh, well, he will be in in the morning and we can get his signature then. You don't mind?"

Mr. Smith did not quite like it, particularly as, it being just before three o'clock, the persuasive gentleman during a previous delay had already sent Smith's \$45,000 check "over to the bank for deposit," not liking to keep it on hand all night. Of course he did not tell him that this check was really on its way to Smith's bank for certification, and poor Smith, not knowing this, thought all was right, for the place and the men had the appearance of being all they pretended to be.

But any fears he might have had were allayed when on his way out he met a man in the main hall of the building who accosted him by name, said he was a neighbor of Smith's out in the suburbs, and on learning where Smith had been, was loud in his praises of Blank & Co. Why, he had been doing business with them for years and always found them strictly high class. Smith slept well that night, but that was because his troubles did not really begin until next day.

He arrived in the office early the next afternoon. There stood his "neighbor" who had accosted him the afternoon before, and friend neighbor was in the act of upbraiding the persuasive gentleman, who sat slumped in his chair, shedding bitter tears. As soon as Smith appeared his neighbor turned to him and exclaimed indignantly:

"Hello, Smith! Glad you came in. What do you think of these people, anyway? That check you were to receive this morning, they had it signed and certified, but I saw the amount of money it called for, and I—well, I suppose, I was hasty, but damn it, I tore it up."

"You tore up my check?" gasped Smith.

"I certainly did. Do you know what these people were trying to do? Oh, you needn't bawl, Blank. I'm going to tell him. They were trying to pay you \$50,000 for that stock and all the time they had it sold for \$90,000. Their customer is on the way with the money now and he'll be here any minute. What do you think of that?"

Smith did not know what to think of it. In fact it was very embarrassing. Such a high-class concern, too. But there stood the indignant neighbor glowering at the cringing Blank, who continued to

wipe his eyes of tears which seemingly were the result of his sudden exposure, but which were probably caused by his merriment over the bewilderment of Smith. And into the middle of it all burst the expected customer, who asked for his 1,000 shares of Thingamajig and produced a \$90,000 check to pay for them.

After a consultation it was agreed that the firm, under threats of exposure from friend neighbor and to save its own "face," should let the stock go to the "customer" and pay the full amount, less commissions, to Smith, which was all right as far as it went, but the customer, being of a canny disposition, demanded the transfer of the 1,000 shares of stock to his own name. Furthermore while he waved the check, apparently certified for \$90,000, he did not purpose to let go of it until the stock certificates were delivered to him physically. He conveyed splendidly the impression that his suspicions had been aroused.

So the certificates were produced and were dispatched by boy to the stock transfer office so that they might be issued legally in his name. And it was a long time before that boy returned. Three o'clock drew near. Smith fidgeted in his chair and so did the customer, who intimated that if the transaction were not completed that day he would not feel obligated to go through with it. Imagine Smith's feelings then. At three o'clock the boy dashed in with the 1,000 shares, all properly made out in the name of the customer. Of course he had not been near any transfer office. But his appearance was a relief, especially to Smith, until the customer glancing at the certificates suddenly exclaimed disgustfully:

"Why the seal of the company has not been placed on these certificates. This is not a good delivery and I refuse to take them. Anyhow, I only came here because I gave my word. I am acting for a fool, and as things have turned out, this 1,000 shares are not enough to swing our deal. Now if Mr. Smith can sell me two thousand shares I could manage."

The persuasive gentleman and friend neighbor immediately urged Smith to put in his order and his check for a second 1,000 shares, which of course was all part of the game, but Smith was too bewildered to do it just then. He said he would think it over. He did so for two days. Then he went to the district attorney's office. Even there they had trouble in convincing him that all was not right. So they sent an officer down with him to visit the sumptuous suite of offices. It was still there, but its occupants were not. Anyhow it had been sublet for only two months.

It does not seem possible that a business man could be so fooled, and yet this is not the only case of the kind that has come to the attention of the district attorney. Another man burst into the office one day, declaring that a certain firm must be put in jail at once. After he had

calmed down he told how in answer to an advertisement he had sent \$5,000 to a certain brokerage firm to purchase shares of a well-known stock. As the certificates failed to arrive he began to fear he had fallen into the hands of some bucket shop operators. So he took the train from his home near Philadelphia and arriving at the suite of beautiful offices he demanded his certificates. The head of the firm was called and took him in hand.



"They were trying to pay you \$50,000 for that stock and all the time they had it sold for \$90,000. Their customer is on the way with the money now."

"Why, of course, you shall have your certificates. It's just a matter of delay in making the transfer to your name. It'll take an hour or two; and as it is lunch time, suppose we go out and eat?"

They went out. They dined and they drank something stronger than coffee. After luncheon they invited him to ride to the railway station in their limousine, put him on a train and sent him merrily away.

"And do you know," he said, "I was well on my way to Philadelphia before I realized I hadn't received my stock certificates or my money either."

Now these are illustrations of the intensive operations of the wireless wire-tappers. Such fellows have stolen literally millions of dollars during the last few years, and yet their takings are small indeed compared with those of the bucket shop operators and the fake stock swindlers. In the district attorney's office they estimate that over \$50,000,000 has been lost to the people of the country through bucket shops in the almost immediate past, while the losses through fake securities are many many times as great. District Attorney Joab H. Banton declared that:

"The sale of wild-cat securities has gone to such an enormous extent that it is estimated that the people of the United

States have been swindled out of \$750,000,000 within the last few years."

I mentioned this estimate to some Wall Street men of standing. They thought it too low, one of them indeed declaring that the figure was not as high as the amount of money which has been swindled out of our foreign language speaking population alone. The amount stated by Mr. Banton is staggering enough, however, and just how such a huge sum of money could be stolen and the conditions which permit of such wholesale banditry will be described in succeeding articles.

(Mr. Waters' next article will appear in an early issue.)

Look Before You Leap

LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU, which has been conducted for years by Mr. Theodore Williams, is read regularly by many thousands of people throughout the country who receive from it sound, conservative advice regarding the investment of their money and reliable information on general financial topics.



PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

George Filcher on the trail out of Ashton. He finished third in the thrilling race. The first three teams in finished within fourteen minutes of each other, remarkably close considering the distance traveled.



Kent, the championship cup, and Bob.

The Doggonedest Race

By Eyre Powell

AT ASHTON, IDA., during the winter the railroad ends. During the summer it goes farther, the Union Pacific line extending through to the park entrance at West Yellowstone. But, until the snorting locomotives push their great rotary snowplows through the last of the drifts in preparation for the tourist invasion, the only communication between the little snow-beleaguered village and the ranches beyond lies by dog team through the Targhee Forest. It is a region where the use of dog teams and sledges has become quite as common as in the Far North, and where every winter now the ranchers and townfolk and visitors from far and near gather for the American Dog Derby.

This is the speed classic, as the All-Alaskan Sweepstakes and the Hudson Bay Derby are the endurance classics, of the white trails.

Down through the forest into Ashton, on a threatening day toward the end of last February, had come the famous "mushers" for the big race, followed by the countryside on ski and sledge, there to meet city folk from East and West who had thronged in by coach, pullman and even private car—all vociferous with the carnival spirit. The Governor of Idaho was there to start the race, as the first big event of Yellowstone's Golden Anniversary.

The little town was packed by mid-

morning of the day of the start and a long lane was formed by the crowd far up the snow-covered main street to where it ended on the edge of open country. The storm, long brewing, had increased to the proportions of a blizzard and the temperature had dropped to well below zero. Dog teams by the score ki-yied up the sidewalks, across the course, or tangled vociferously on the corners, for every kiddie in that country has one. One-dog teams, two-dog, three-dog outfits all yiping at the top of their lungs abetted by the yelling youngsters make quite a din, especially when two or three of them engage in joyous battle in which occasionally the kid drivers would enthusiastically join.

And then suddenly the lane cleared as down at its end Governor Davis, of Idaho, stepped out, followed by the first team to start.

These racing dogs were as different from the shrilling pups of the school-kids' teams as a champion is from a "pork and beaner." Literally on their toes, trained to the minute, clawing the ice in their eagerness to hit the trail, they were not without the dignity of their position and in the main silent, as though they knew the wearing, heartbreaking grind ahead of them, and were conserving for it. A helper at the end of the gee-chain dug his heels in and exerted all of his strength to hold them as the driver received his final instructions from the starter.

"Go," and they were off, the driver

dropping to the sledge as it passed him. This first team drew a hard place under the circumstances as the storm had obliterated the trail and every foot of it had to be broken anew, and the crowd cheered it to the echo, as it dashed to the edge of town, turned onto the trail and disappeared in the curtain of driving snow.

Another team drew through to the line, to the accompaniment of more cheering, and was off, five minutes behind the first man. In fact, by the time one end of the crowd finished its send-off to one team, the other had started anew making a continuous wave of madness up and down the line.

"Tud" Kent, the champion, started third. Of medium height, wiry, wind-and-snow-burned to a deep tan, he seemed a far less spectacular figure than the others, right up to the moment of his take-away. His team didn't claw the ice, but stood mildly by as though rather bored by the whole performance. Kent himself, wearing a wide-brimmed sombrero in spite of the weather, stood looking over dogs, harness and sledge with a practiced eye.

"Fifteen seconds," called the governor. "Ten seconds, five," and with a sweep of the Stetson Kent handed it to one of the officials. "It's in the way, hold it for me," he remarked.

"Go!"

The lethargy dropped from the seven dogs of Kent's team. Muscles like fine steel wire brought them up tense and they were gone. There was no lost motion, no wasted clawing of the ice, no sound

from them. They simply went away from there and they went fast. And their driver was going out into the blizzard to buck twenty-five miles of trail without a hat!

This was a he-game, and it was played by men of iron. That is what made the next thrill all the more startling, for the sixth to start was a girl.

Lydia Hutchison, "Lyd," they called her, seemed hardly more than twenty and was decidedly pretty. And here she was, ready to start out into the storm in competition with hardened veterans of the trail. But there are iron women, too, and Miss Hutchison proved it.

When she announced her entry in the derby, its governing committee was completely nonplused. No woman had ever done such a thing before. It was impossible, they said, that a girl could have the stamina to face the grind of this trail battle where even the honors of champions were dangerously contested. But there never had been a rule made to cover such an emergency. It had never before happened in the history of the famous dog classics here or in the north, and so finally her entry was accepted.

And with a team full of heart and backbone, just a little too eager if anything, she was at the line. As she turned to meet the Governor, two numbers appeared on her back, a mystery, which solved, proved to be a touch of romance, for the additional number was that of "Smoky" Gaston, the young driver who burst into fame last year when he drove through a forlorn hope with a depleted team, into second place against Kent. Gaston, out of the race when his dogs, with misguided judgment, took on a huge lynx during the mush down through the Targhee from West Yellowstone, would at least be represented.

"Smoky's a good sport and a game driver," the girl explained. "And his number will go through to a winning place if the dogs and I can carry it there."

Miss Hutchison after the finish. She was the first woman ever permitted to participate in the Ashton Dog Derby.



Back to the tall timber—the Derby is over.



And it can be said that while it didn't come into the money it was carried through a winner as far as credit for the nerviest performance in the history of the great trail races is concerned.

Miss Hutchison was off like a streak, whistling shrilly at her string, which was led by a big, intelligent Belgian police dog, "Doc." But at the turn of the trail disaster appeared. Her team wouldn't

take it. Whether the storm drowned her order, "Haw," to turn, or whether they had simply bolted off up the straight stretch, couldn't be told, and in a moment she had disappeared in the snow, headed in the wrong direction.

Nine started, and hardly was the last team off, when there was a wild yell from a quaint figure on snowshoes, in mackinaw, with a coon skin cap and carrying a bear skin pack. Apparently, an old trapper from the back country, who just as apparently had his money, his skins,

perhaps even his shirt, down on Kent.

"Hi-i-i-i-e-e-e-e-eeeee! Here comes Kent," as a black dot could be seen emerging from the white curtain of snow. "You're crazy," some one shouted, "there are two ahead of him."

"Crazy, am I?" was the response, as the old chap did a wild snowshoed dance in his excitement, "Look!"

Sure enough, it was Kent, in his first lap of eight and a third miles done, and going like one possessed. And if the town was crazy at the start, it was wild raving mad now, for the champion had passed the two contenders who were breaking trail ahead of him, broken his own, and was minutes ahead.

One by one the teams dashed through, and then the place *did* go mad, for down the trail, ice-covered, crouched stiffly on her sledge, but whistling gamely at her dogs, came the girl. She had won back to the trail.

Packers slapped normally sedate Eastern bankers resounding whacks between the shoulders. Strangers fell on each other's necks, every dog team on the side lines set up a ki-yi as their drivers turned loose the war-whoop. One three-dog outfit, infected by the excitement, jerked the sledge from under a boy driver and yelped up the road after her, tipping

(Concluded on page 458)



Olcott Zarn and Frank Smuin behind their trusty canine steeds. Zarn is only a fourteen-year-old boy. He and young Smuin owned and trained their team together. In the race he did the driving and managed

to win fourth place. Those who know the lads predict that the time is not far distant when they will be making their older rivals do a little record-smashing to beat them. After all why should youth be a handicap.

A PICTORIAL NEWS POTPOURRI



KEYSTONE

The rowing season is on in England, and already the series of "bumping" races at Oxford, Cambridge, Eton and other rowing centers are in progress. The English streams being extremely narrow, as a usual thing, it is necessary in a race to let the various boats go "Indian fashion"—in single file. A contestant which touches—or "bumps"—the boat just ahead of it goes up one place toward the head of the procession, and the bumped boat goes down one. The picture above shows a recent bump at Cambridge, on the Cam.



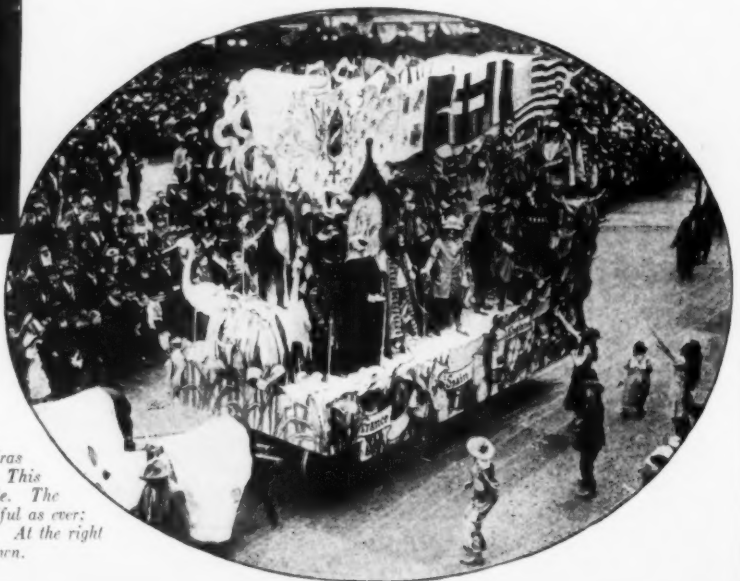
GILLIAMS

Eduard Billhardt, a factory worker in Grauschatz, Germany, stopped work recently to celebrate his one-hundredth birthday and welcome over 100 of his 264 living descendants who came to join in the festivities. He has 11 children of his own, sons and daughters, 75 grandchildren, 174 great grandchildren and 4 great-great grandchildren. From the looks of the front row it does not seem likely that the Billhardt family will soon become extinct. The centenarian is seated in the center of the second row.



KEYSTONE

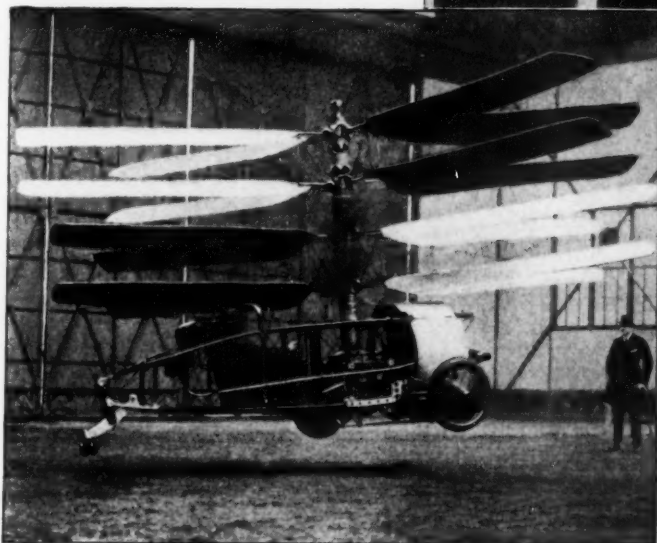
Richard T. Hunter, for years a deck hand on a San Francisco ferryboat, has been entertaining the commuters on their way home, by his marvelous tenor voice. But Mr. Hunter is no longer a deck hand. Attracted by his wonderful voice several wealthy San Franciscans are sending him to Europe for a thorough musical education.



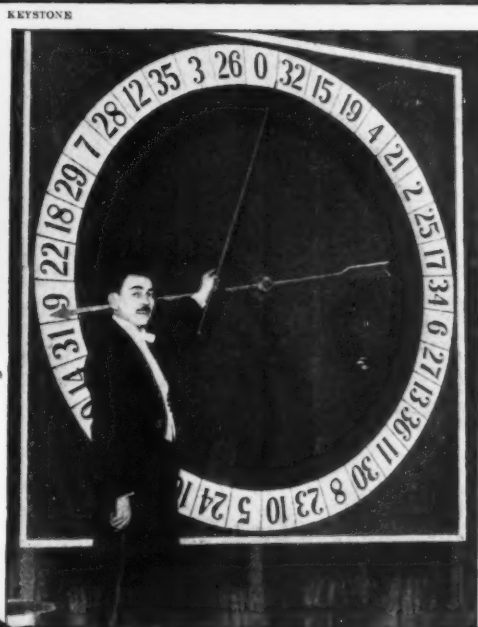
New Orleans is always delightful; but during Mardi Gras time its charm and interest are doubly accentuated. This year's celebration was certainly no exception to the rule. The balls were as brilliant as ever; the girls were as beautiful as ever; the parades were as colorful and entertaining as ever. At the right one of the floats that proved popular is shown.

SNAPSHOTS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

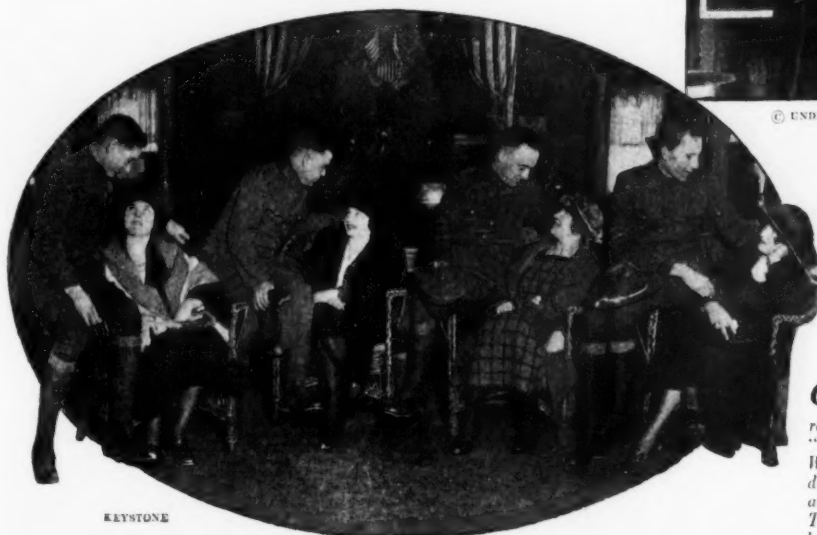
SOME of the youngsters of the Mangin Junior High School, New York City, are running a savings bank for themselves—outside school hours, but in the school building. Thrift, scientific banking methods and order are the lessons taught by the experiment. More than \$2,000 has been accumulated by the young depositors in a few months, despite the fact that even one-cent deposits are accepted. The miniature institution is operated under the supervision of Joseph Grosfeld, an instructor in the commercial course at the school.



KEYSTONE
THE goal toward which aviation is now headed is a machine that will rise, like a bird, without a take off—and land without running along the ground. The Helicopter is the present development of the "bird machine," but it is only in the experimental stage of development. Here the French Pescara Helicopter is shown in its hangar. The photograph was made during a test of the machine and shows it 50 centimeters off the ground. To-day there are a number of heavier-than-air machines which will rise vertically; but none of them is startlingly successful.

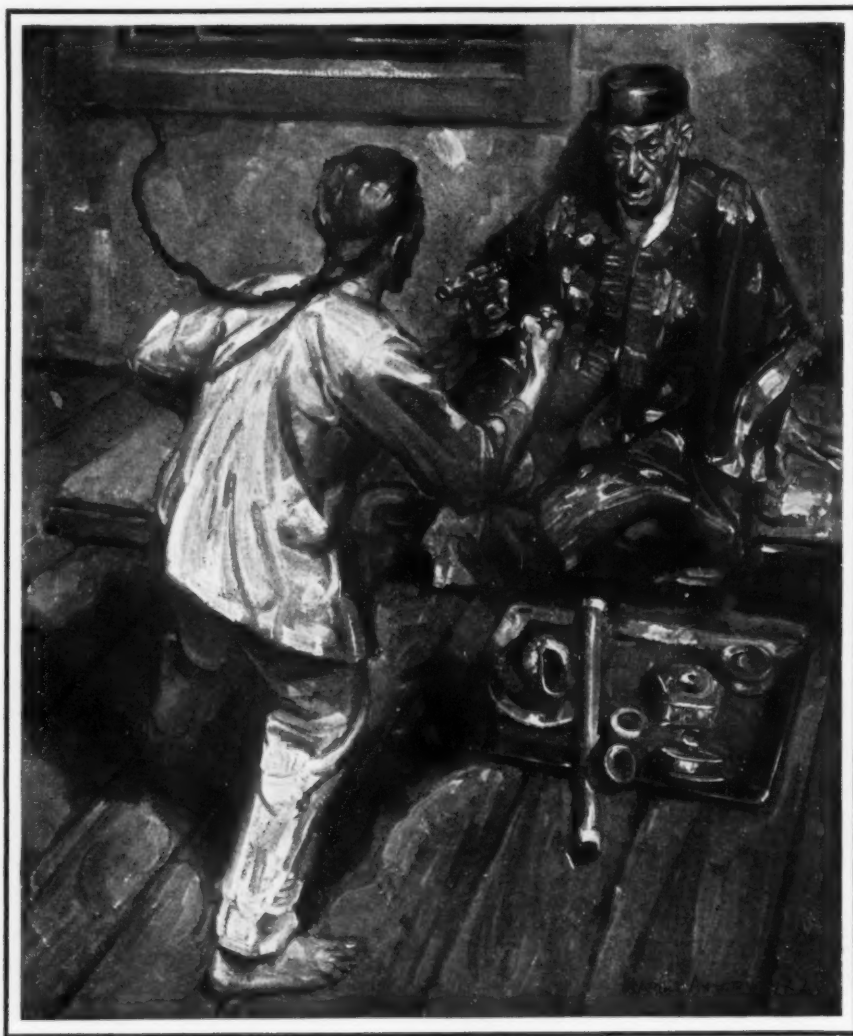


UNDERWOOD
IF THIS chap—M. A. Bolou, of Paris, France—ever plays roulette at Monte Carlo the bank will probably suffer. But the chances are that he never will. He is barred. Why? Simply, so he says, because he has mastered an infallible "system" that will enable anyone to win. M. Bolou is now lecturing in this country. His audiences have been large—and very attentive.



KEYSTONE

GERMAN and French brides of American doughboys who have just returned to this country from Europe are "meeting America" at Fort Slocum, N. Y. While their husbands are awaiting their discharges their brides are living under army conditions in separate barracks. The little families spend most of their leisure moments in the comfortable "hut" of the camp.



"Tom Mock's pale hand strove upon the trigger . . . , scavered . . . he could not fire."

The Price

By Atreus von Schrader

Illustrated by Harold Anderson

TOM MOCK'S lean hand closed on the girl's shoulder like a claw, biting into the tender flesh beneath her blue robe. "No," he said.

"But he will give you all he has, and he will work . . . he will work so hard to pay you for me," she begged, and knelt swiftly at his feet, her slender body racked with sobs. From the rooms below came the muffled sound of voices, where the coolies and half-naked Malays sweated and quarreled over the gambling tables and drank at the long bar, to the profit of Tom Mock.

He looked down at the Chinese girl with eyes like obsidian, then, without warning, he cuffed her, so that she crouched lower with a little cry of pain. "Get up! What are you to drag good silk upon the floor?" he snarled.

San Lee, fair as a honey-colored tea-

rose, struggled to her feet and carefully dusted the blue and gold butterfly robe she wore, Tom Mock's property . . . "he would work so hard . . . " she whimpered.

"And if he died? Coolie scum on the plantations dies too easily. Who would pay me then, with your beauty gone? Your price is one thousand dollars . . . and without the clothes I have let you wear. If this Lun Hing can bring me a thousand dollars, he can have you," the half-caste paused, "he is downstairs now, gambling away what little he has."

San Lee shook her head miserably. "He hopes to win enough to buy me," she said, and Tom Mock's loose thin lips drew into a smile. The coolies who came from the reeking plantations of the Borneo jungle and sought his polyglot gambling hell on the Jalan Tiga had

small chance of winning, regardless of luck.

"Enough. Cease this foolish girl's talk and bring me the pipe," he ordered sternly, and the little odalisque went obediently to do his bidding. Under the lamplight that fell upon his yellow cheek bones and high curved nose like a saber, Tom Mock's skin showed dry and bloodless as leather, despite the steaming breathless heat. Behind him, on its pedestal, smiled an image of Tai-pek-kong, God of Riches, and in the burner before it Tom Mock lighted a stick of incense with delicate fingers. In a corner were racked Malay krisses and Dyak parangs, lean and venomous blades that gave back the light of the lamp. Tom Mock sometimes employed men upon errands requiring weapons. Over all hung the hot sticky smell of burned opium.

As he turned from the joss, the girl reappeared, bearing a clean mat and the wadded woolen headpiece of the smoker. These she placed carefully upon the floor beside the screened window. Then she gave her master his pipe, a thick bamboo stem, with rock-amber mouthpiece and copper cup, the sweet-smoking pipe of an epicure. Tom Mock disposed himself upon the mat and settled his head sidewise on the hard pillow as San Lee lit the little lamp beside him. "That is all . . ." said he, and she left the room silently, her eyes, under their spreading brows, wide with anguish. Tom Mock busied himself with the greasy, dark-brown opium, rolling and kneading it for the pipe . . . and his narrow chest rose on the first full wave of the black smoke.

For a time the half-caste lay motionless, brooding; women, jewels, death, drink, the lust of gambling, these things he dealt in, and all brought toll to Tom Mock, half Chinese, half Tunisian-Jew, lord of the Sandakan dive on the Jalan Tiga, that crawls like a sluggish snake between the festering jungle and the flat dead water of the Sulu Sea.

His first pipe finished and his body comforted, he drew a fiber packet from his silken blouse, and from it he rolled into his pale hand a black pearl. Flawless, splendidly iridescent, the great jewel glowed as he fed his hard eyes upon it. A fortune nestled in his cupped hand, and he smiled upon it with the bland smile of Tai-pek-kong. Tom Mock had come upon no pearl to equal it in all the years of his trafficking. That he had paid only the life of another man to get it added savor to his triumph.

At length he set the black pearl down beside him and lazily, because it irked him, he drew from a shoulder-holster under his blouse a blued-steel .45 caliber revolver. Being half Chinese, Tom Mock believed in weight of lead, and a bore of nearly half an inch. He laid the weapon close to the pearl, and his thin lips, with a flange upon their outer edges, like a hog's, tightened again in a slow smile as he observed the similarity in the sheen of the black jewel and of the heavy revolver barrel, gleaming side by side in the lamplight with the same sinister luster. Idly he picked up the gun, twisting its muzzle until it stared at him like an unwinking, malignant eye; then he took the black pearl in his slender fingers. The two dark circles seemed of a size, and he set the jewel daintily upon the muzzle. Silently, smoothly, the pearl slid down the barrel, to rest against the heavy bullet in the breech, fitting so snugly that when he turned the barrel down it did not roll out . . . the perfect hiding place, whispered his bemused brain, for a man whose clothes might be deftly searched as he slept, and with a sigh of comfort Tom Mock gave his drowsy attention to the copper-cupped pipe. The room grew lazy with pungent smoke, and his mind rose upon soft wings, until it seemed to

him that Tai-pek-kong nodded friendly-wise, and he blew a great cloud toward the God of Riches.

San Lee stood outside the closed door of her master's room until his rhythmic breathing told her that he was deep in the spun web of the black smoke. Then, fearfully, and silent as a shadow, she crept down a flight of wooden stairs and out through a passage behind the noisy bar into the hot, quiet night. The girl felt her way along the wall to an open window. There, intent upon the brass cups that held the dice, were groups of men gathered about low tables, whereon the dice rolled and took their hard-earned Singapore dollars. Three times San Lee trilled a low night-bird call, trembling at her own boldness. The

have so little," Lun Hing bulked huge in the soft night mist under the palm. "I hoped to win at the dice tables, but instead, I lost," he said simply.

"To the master. It is he who takes and takes. I have nothing, not even the clothes I wear . . ." he brought me from Suchow, in the time of hunger . . . as he brought other girls," her voice was no more than an echo.

Lung Hing, looking down upon her ivory beauty, filled his broad chest with a mighty breath, struggling with the iron dominion that is the coolie's heritage. "If we could run away," he murmured. And heard the girl's swift gasp of terror, and saw her shake her head. "From Tom Mock, who has a hundred eyes and a hundred ears? No, he would send his

Dyak hunters, and that would be the end," she said, and Lun Hing knew that she spoke truth.

Then, because she was very lovely, he made her the answer of a bold man. "I will talk with Tom Mock. I will tell him my wages in the copra shed and how I will save, and not gamble . . ." his voice had deepened as he spoke, and with a whimper of fear she put her hand over his mouth. "He is up there in his room, and he will hear you, and slay us both," she panted, and felt the strong muscles of his throat move as she touched him.

"Young Moon of Silver, I will talk with him, it may be that I can make him hear my heart," said Lun Hing, and despite her wild pleading he turned toward the house of Tom Mock. Wringing her hands in silent anguish, San Lee followed, and side by side

they mounted the wooden stairs to the closed door. For a moment their eyes met in the murky gloom, and the girl, standing on tiny tiptoes, gently stroked his yellow cheek. "Do not follow me," said Lun Hing, and put his hand to the door.

Tom Mock was lying upon his mat beside the window. Lun Hing entered softly, bowing humbly, and folded his hands in the sleeves of his blue cotton jacket. The half-caste watched him with incurious eyes; then, recognizing him, moved languorously upon his mat. "You come unbidden, like a man who seeks something. What is your errand?" he asked smoothly.

"Great and illustrious master, forgive the dust beneath your feet that breaks your rest, have I your leave to speak?" asked Lun Hing.

Slowly the flanged hog lips drew back in the smile that was like a curse, and Tom Mock nodded his permission to the suppliant, waiting, as the cat waits for the next move of the mouse between her paws.

The coolie stood under the lamp and made his plea. "You are the rich and generous lord of this place," he stammered, "and among your vast possessions is a girl, San Lee, whom I, insignificant, have disrespectfully come to desire," he stopped, watching the onyx-eyed

(Concluded on page 452)

STARS AND MOON

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

STARLIGHT shall find me on the hills to-night—

The moon shall make a pathway for my feet,

And the rich earth shall be divinely sweet,

And heaven a dome of blue-and-gold delight.

I shall stand breathless on the dizzy height,

And see the dust of other worlds repeat

Their glowing miracle; and my retreat

Shall be as still as eagles in their flight.

Wonder of stars, and marvel of the moon,

My senses cannot grasp you through the years.

Once, as a child, on a deep night in June,

I watched you through a little veil of tears.

And so it shall be ever. Still I swoon

In spirit when your flaming host appears.

bronze Malays, the eager, terrier-sharp Dyaks and the pale Chinese clustered in the sweltering den, gave no heed; except Lun Hing, to whom her call was sent. Without turning, he watched the dice swallow his stake, and then, with the shrug of a man who has no more to lose, the big coolie walked to the door. Once outside, he hurried around the corner, crouched as he passed the open window, and so to the foot of a tall palm that reared its plumes a hundred feet beyond. There San Lee awaited him, her heart fluttering in her breast at his coming. For a long moment the two stood in silence, the slave-girl and the bound coolie. Twice he had seen her, and she him, and their love had bloomed like an orchid of the panting, moist jungle that surrounded them, from bud to full passionate flower in one warm night. Above their heads flared the ordered tropical stars, and around them flitted the wheeling bats and velvet night moths. From far off, like a pulse, came the dim throb of a drum and the chant of voices.

Lun Hing leaned toward the silent girl. "Beautiful Lily," he whispered, and San Lee answered him between stifled sobs that tore her little throat, "He said no, no, no. Only for one thousand dollars can you buy me," she cried.

"I greatly desire you . . . and I



Are the Railroads Doomed?

Those of the Pacific Coast Are in Death Grips with the Motor Bus

By Robert W. Ruhl

"IN FIFTY YEARS the railroad train will be as rare as a horse and buggy is today. The steam engine can no more stand up against the gas engine than the stage coach could stand up against the iron horse. The automobile and the motor truck will handle the passenger and freight traffic of the future, and the paved highway will be the roadbed."

This was the glib statement of the owner of a motor bus line, running on the Columbia Highway, from Portland to Hood River, delivered to the writer early in October, 1921. The speaker rolled a corpulent perfecto in his mouth as he spoke, and twirled a jeweled watch charm with one hand. He had an air of prosperity about him, and an air of great self-confidence. Friends said he was making money. He looked it.

While prominent railroad officials on the Pacific Coast do not share this gloomy view of their business future, they do generally agree a war to the death between the railroads and motor carriers is on, and that unless there is some public regulation of the automotive transportation business as there is of the railroad business, the time is not far distant when every railroad on the Pacific Coast will face bankruptcy.

In fact a few months ago the Hill Lines, operating in Oregon and Washington, officially admitted as much. The following extract is from a public statement issued by the Oregon Electric Railway, a Hill subsidiary, to the people of Washington County, Oregon:

The entire Oregon Electric Railway failed to earn from all transportation sources sufficient money to pay running expenses and taxes by \$109,109.02 in 1918, \$167,429.67 in 1919 and \$278,907.97 in 1920, counting nothing for interest on debt or return on invested funds. These sums were losses in operation.

A continued loss to a railway is the same as to a farm, store or bank—failure.

This passenger patronage has been declining for some time, but its transfer from the electric train to the auto bus since the introduction of the latter, and particularly since the completion of the hard surfaced road, has been so marked as to indicate that the train is little wanted—a drop of 54 per cent. during the last three months of 1920 compared with 1919, in the number of tickets sold between Portland and Hillsboro and Forest Grove.

The statements given above relate to passenger traffic but freight one the same way so now the shippers



The railroads used to carry pleasure seekers and picnickers to Multnomah Falls on the Columbia Highway, east of Portland. Now the motorcars carry them.

have transferred fully 60 per cent. of their business from the railway to the truck.

That traffic exists, and that the people have transferred it from the railway to auto busses and trucks, is evident from the fact that at points untouched by the latter the rail business was better in 1920 than in 1919.

Does this disappearance of support mean anything to these communities, and is it a matter of concern to them, or is it a problem for the railway only?

And who is the community, but the individual citizen—the passenger and shipper—in it?

It seems clear that the concern and problem lie with the community and its citizens if railway service is to survive—for how can it survive without adequate income derived from its use by the people?

Rather frank talk that, and

The motor truck is better than the freight car with a timber like this.



rather humble for a railroad.

The railroad from Portland to Linnton, Oregon, in fact has been abandoned, and railroad men refer to this incident as one that can point a moral and adorn a tale.

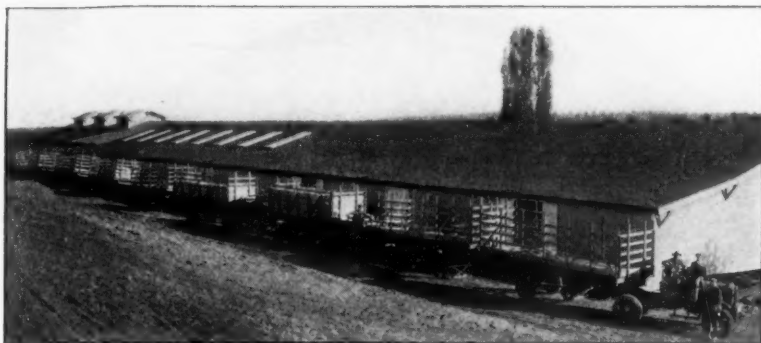
The United Railways providing transportation between these two places, applied to the Public Service Commission for a fifteen-cent fare. The people of Linnton protested and finally secured an injunction against the increase, enforcing their argument with the ten-cent jitney fare then in force.

The line was abandoned and since then there has been no transportation other than that supplied by auto busses and auto trucks. The auto busses, enjoying a monopoly, promptly boosted their passenger fare to twenty-five cents, which it is now, and the people of Linnton are now engaged in a movement to build their own railroad to connect with the United Railways.

Which indicates that automotive transportation, for the people, may not be all peaches and cream. In fact there is overwhelming evidence that the pioneer automobile operators are behaving very much as the pioneer railroad operators behaved. They are after all the traffic will bear, perfectly willing to damn the public, if it happens to be profitable.

The Southern Pacific officials in Ore-





A train of trucks operating on a large Oregon ranch. Instead of by railroad, cattle are now shipped over paved highways direct to Portland.

gon and California confirm this view. In the last two or three years the Southern Pacific has taken off one hundred and fifty trains in these two States, and motor competition is officially given as the cause. In both States interurban railroad service has practically disappeared.

As one official stated, "The question is no longer putting down tracks, but tearing them up. The time is near when certain lines will have to be abandoned, unless relief is granted."

Throughout the coast where automotive transportation is in direct competition with the railroads, the tariffs are practically the same. Where there is poor railroad service or none at all, the motor bus charge is far in excess of the standard railroad rate of three cents a mile. By arranging their schedules to supply transportation when the railroads do not, and because they not only call at the principal hotels, but will both call and deliver at residences near the business districts, the auto busses enjoy a material advantage. Also with comparatively cheap equipment, slight overhead, and no eight-hour-day problems—in fact no labor problems at all—they are able to maintain a far more frequent service than the railroads can possibly maintain.

I visited a high official of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle railroad in his offices in the Pittock Block, Portland. During the course of the conversation he called me to the window and pointed below. In front of the Oregon Electric downtown station, next to the Seward Hotel, were two auto busses, each one almost as large as a Pullman.

"There they are," said he, pointing grimly with the stem of his pipe, "they not only take our business, but they use our stations, not only to-day, but every day in the year. Every prospective customer of ours is solicited by them. They can charge anything they like, we can only charge what the law allows. We are willing and expect to meet fair competition, but we can't meet a pirate competition like that. Do you wonder the railroad men are up in arms?"

A similar situation exists in every city in Oregon, and all along the Pacific Highway, from Seattle to San

Diego. Of course motor competition is country-wide, but only on the Pacific Coast and the less densely populated parts of the West, is the situation truly critical. When one considers moreover that there are 9,211,295 motor vehicles in the United States, one for every eleven Americans, that the country today is spending \$720,000,000 per year for construction and maintenance of good roads, it is obvious that a large proportion of traffic, particularly passenger traffic, formerly handled by the railroads will be handled by the automobile, and that no legislation or regulation can overcome this condition.

But what particularly sticks in the railroads' craw is this—the railroads are forced to pay out thousands of dollars per year to boost their competitors' game. In 1920 the Southern Pacific, for example, paid a tax to the State of Oregon of \$1,110,039.80. Of this amount

a certain proportion went to the maintenance of the permanent highways, which provide the jitneys with their road-bed and right of way. In other words the railroads are taxed to put themselves out of business. Theoretically auto licenses and the gas tax should maintain the highways, but this is not true in fact.

"It doesn't seem right," as one of the general passenger agents remarked—general passenger agents are such mild spoken gentlemen these days.

The Hill Lines pay annual taxes in Oregon of about half a million dollars. This year in Washington County, where the railroad meets its hardest motor competition, the tax was \$27,155. Of this amount \$6,575 went to maintain the good roads, upon which the tax-free jitney drivers wend their care-free, nickel-snatching way.

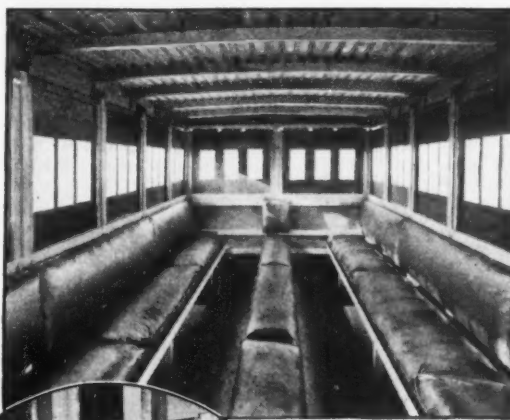
One hazards the guess that even Bob LaFollette would grant the railroads have a case under such circumstances. In fact there is every indication that the railroad worm, planted in the public-be-damned legislature-owning days, has at last begun to turn. In Oregon, at least, public sentiment has recently veered sensationally in favor of the railroads. In McMinnville, Marshfield, Eugene, Roseburg and Lebanon, for example, newspaper editors have been running front page leaders, and in some cases editorials, lambasting the truck and jitney pirates the way they used to lambast the railroad barons. The *Portland Telegram*, one of Portland's largest afternoon dailies, is now engaged in an active campaign against the motor trucks, showing how the highways, which have cost the people of that State forty millions of dollars, are being literally destroyed by this heavy traffic, for which the roads were not constructed.

Here are a few samples from recent news stories in the country press:

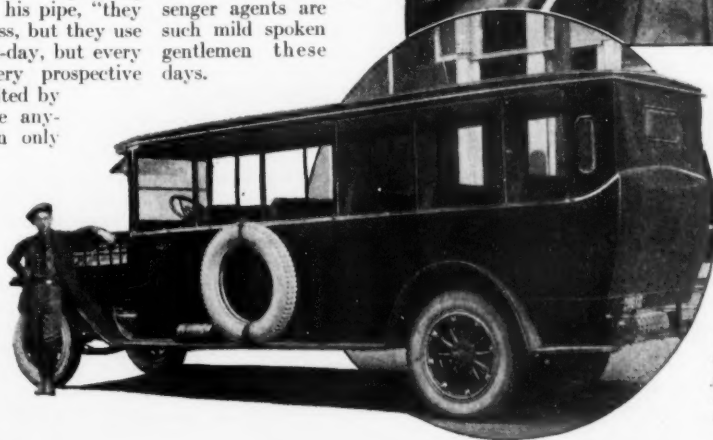
ROSEBURG:

"Ship via S.P. and don't patronize the trucks.
"Do they (the auto busses) mean more to you than the advertising the railway is giving our community? If not, the solution is, specify on all future orders, 'Ship via S.P. Co.' and don't patronize the trucks out of Roseburg."

(Concluded on page 456)



Nearly as many passengers can get in this motor bus as in a passenger coach, and the bus calls at your home!



This motor bus will hold thirty passengers and runs from Portland, Ore., to Astoria, Ore. (over 100 miles) on railroad schedule time.



"Bill" Hart is another great star who sets a good example to the youngsters in Filmland.



If all of the members of the Southern California film colony were half as busy as the central figure in this sybran scene generally is, Hollywood's reputation to-day would be a most enviable one.

Where Hollywood Gets Off

III. Alice-and-Aleck-in-Wonderland

By Louis Lee Arms

HOLLYWOOD is where pictures are on the Pacific Coast. Los Angeles regards Hollywood as a Problem. The question that now arises is, Who and What constitute the Problem? Money and idleness, I should say, are the what of it and our Alices-and-Alecks-in-Wonderland the who.

Placed in the hands of one young in years, and mentally even younger, a hundred-thousand dollar contract—quite common in the big money days of the game—becomes an instrument in which there is potentially much of good and of evil.

The Alices-and-Alecks-in-Wonderland with the buoyancy of children, have poured hundreds of thousands of dollars into Los Angeles' shops for luxuries. One-horse stores of a decade ago now exhibit the grand manner of Fifth Avenue.

Out of curiosity I should like to know how many tens of thousands of dollars the Hollywood Colony has spent in a single downtown Los Angeles jewelry store a half block off Broadway. Or the motion picture take-in at the better class hotels and cafés. Or the percentage of trade of Los Angeles' impressive department stores that is predicated on the motion picture industry. And, finally, what relation this bears to the attitude of that good old Dobbin of municipal affairs which is known widely as the Chamber of Commerce.

Behind this grandiose spending power are little Alice and little Aleck lively as crickets. Indeed, they can't sit still.

With salary and income coming in at the rate of \$1,000 to \$20,000 a week they should fret!

Who has taught them there is such a thing as responsibility to the common weal? Who has taught them anything except to smile and look pretty and collect pink and blue checks every Saturday? In all fairness experience has taught some and made them try to improve themselves, too. For many echo will have to answer.

Alice and Aleck are the beneficiaries of a fact discovered in the laboratory of a scientist. It is that their dramas may be played round the world in a single evening, and it has brought them to the stage where palatial homes and costly cars are commonplace, where flying trips from Los Angeles to New York are spoken of lightly as "commuting," where gay parties are rather indispensable, where luxuries grow to be necessities and divorce becomes a casual game at which two can play with something of skill if not, indeed, of pleasure and publicity.

It is this matter of the distribution of a motion picture play that gives the observer pause. You may say that our young barons and baronesses of the camera are the most overpaid persons in all the history of the world. Yet are they? These star salaries that run from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 a year are based on what? Certainly not the charity of the producer.

For every penny he pays in star salary he gets back ten. If he didn't, what with production, exploitation and distribution costs, the game would be up. He would go into bankruptcy.

If before they began backing themselves Nazimova and Chaplin each drew between a half million and a million dollars a year in salary it was for one reason—that the restless-eyed boys, who play poker with pictures and make the sky the limit, felt that they could pay this money and yet keep sufficiently ahead of the sheriff to be happy.

The star system is a poser. Producers have gone gunning for it with millions. Two of the wildest figures of film finance have tried, at one time or another, to submerge the star and switch public affection to the author or director. It hasn't worked out. The authors who have a box-office drawing power can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and the directors on the fingers of the other. That is a liberal estimate.

Thus the stars are unwitting favorites of a system within a system. They have the incalculable advantage over the author or director of appearing on the screen and coming into direct contact with their public, while the director or author exists merely in a prefatory legend.

What I am arriving at is this, that unparalleled prestige and great riches have been showered upon a large number of youngsters through a complex situation which has made them—with little effort on their part—its greatest beneficiaries. It isn't that they are overpaid in the sense that they are getting more than they are worth. It's that they are overpaid in the sense that they are getting more than anybody ought to be worth.

In spite of press agent yarns about the terrific hardships of motion picture acting



The success that has come to the members of this group is not due to "luck." Oh, no! It is due to genius plus extremely hard work. For the benefit of about three of our readers it may be well to say that the smiling chap on the extreme left is Douglas Fairbanks, who has upon his left Oscar A. Price, former president of the United Artists Corporation; Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith and Charles Chaplin.

it would appear to the average observer to be one of the softest methods of making big money that ever has been discovered.

Most of it is an accident of physiognomy. If it were otherwise, of the hundreds of film plays that are completed each year there would be many personal performances that would have to be set down as classics.

As it is, in the past ten years, the American screen has given us possibly a half dozen character portrayals—more correctly, scene etchings—that seemed to be art.

Charlie Chaplin in several of his comedies; Mary Pickford in some parts of the dual role of "Stella Maris"; Lillian Gish in bits from "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East"; Mae Marsh in episodes from "Intolerance" and "The Birth of a Nation"; Milton Sills in one scene from "The Honor System" and Jack Barrymore in much of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," are isolated cases into which there has crept something of the imperponderable element of genius.

As for the remainder of our Alices-and-Alecks-in-Wonderland they have had what may be called screen personality, more often than not interesting, even fascinating or beautiful faces; perhaps a flair for this kind of drama or that, and words of advertising. The last is vital.

Screen personality is a baffling thing to define. But just as professional photographers know some persons "take" good pictures and some don't, so some actors have this *sine qua non* of celluloid immortality while others do not.

But if a person is young, easy to look at and has screen personality he can be a motion picture actor. After a period of seasoning he will probably do as well as the average of our face and figure artists of screendom.

To be a first-rate success on the speaking stage presupposes a study of, or a capacity to study, literature, rhetoric, voice, pause, enunciation and kindred points that have no connection with the inarticulate drama. Likewise in music, in painting, in sculpture and other arts there are foundations laboriously to be laid before there can be a sustained success.

Nothing of the kind is necessary in motion pictures. Screen personality, plus looks, plus youth, will turn the trick. A famous, but illiterate, producer who issued the quaint instructions, "Wire that feller Dickens!" probably could have found a counterpart to his blissful ignorance among some of the young ladies and gentlemen in his own studio.

Small wonder that an observing director urged upon his young Alices and Alecks that they spend one-third of their salaries—it was in the days when salaries were comparatively modest—in improving themselves.

It is interesting, too, to observe that those who stand for the best in motion pictures, those whose private lives would not be disappointing to their publics, are the ones who are devoting some part of their extensive leisure to study. I could name off-hand a half dozen young actresses of the first rank who have taken up language, the voice, or classical dancing.

They are putting their savings into California or New York real estate, paid up life insurance policies and Government bonds. Their manner of life is not apt to lead one morning to first page headlines. Through them, I'll guarantee, the motion picture industry will receive no black eye.

It is the lack of background or the attempt to acquire it with a check book, the absence of helpful ideals and the inability to measure almost anything except in terms of cash, on the part of a sinister minority, that have had much to do with the repetitive scandals that have brimmed over for a very much startled



Another charming snapshot of the little lady who makes more in three days than the average man makes in a year. The teenie, weenie little miss is an "actress" who is supposed to look as Miss Pickford did when she was four.

public to behold with bulging eyes.

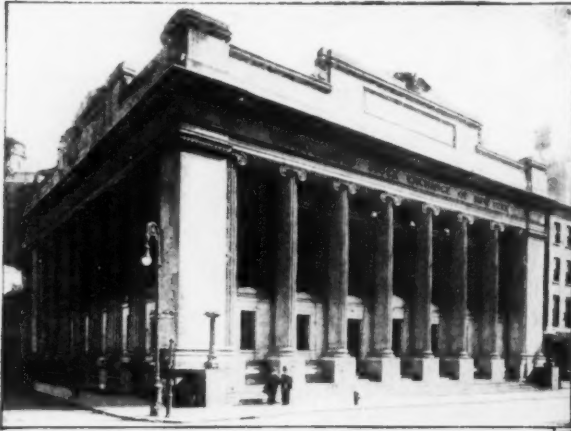
Money and idleness! They are a precious pair. Here, perhaps, some distinction should be drawn between those stars who operate independently and those who are employed by great producing companies. Hart, Chaplin, Pickford, Griffith and Fairbanks, among others, now come under the head of the first.

No one who knows their work will accuse them of too great leisure. From the moment a play, novel or original script is taken under consideration to be done into a scenario until, as a finished product, it is packed in absurd little tin cans and rushed to the East, hundreds of thousands of dollars and professional reputations are at stake.

Acting is about the least thing some of these do.

The real Alices-and-Alecks-in-Wonderland are the star-eyed goddesses and the slick-haired young men who have landed the big time contracts. All they have to do is act. They have nothing else to worry about. Indeed, they have scarcely to worry over that, for there is a high-priced director at hand to say what will do and what will not. If a part is

(Continued on page 453)



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Little sister of the Big Exchange—Building of the Consolidated Stock Exchange at Broad and Beaver Streets. This Exchange is modeled after the New York Stock Exchange, but is less prominent and was established in order to permit dealing in smaller lots of securities than 100 shares. Although the Consolidated takes second place in metropolitan investment and speculation, its annual turnover probably exceeds that of the leading exchange in any other American city.

THE CENTER OF AMERICA



© MAJOR HAMILTON MAXWELL FROM UNDERWOOD
Striking, unusual and beautiful aerial photo of New York's world-famous financial district. Battery Park and Whitehall Building at left. Barge Office and South Ferry in foreground. Woolworth Building, the highest in the world. Municipal,



A canyon of finance. Looking south on Broad Street from Wall, J. P. Morgan & Co.'s office at left; New York Stock Exchange at right, with many other tall buildings where financiers and capitalists have their quarters. In the background is the former outdoor business place of the Curb Market, now comfortably housed on Broadway.

Indoors, out of the heat, the cold, and the rain, new building of the Curb Market Association on lower Broadway, a most convenient structure for security marketing purposes. This is the chief mart for the cheaper kinds of securities not listed on the bigger exchanges.



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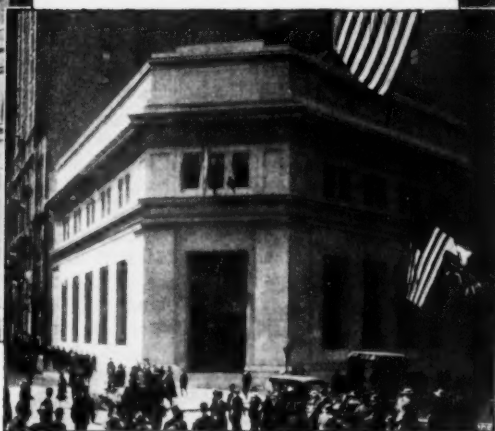
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Home of the New York Stock Exchange, the chief securities market in the West.

AMERICA'S FINANCIAL POWER



Equitable Trust, and other big structures in the background. The value of the real property in this section mounts into the billions, while vast and incalculable sums in money and securities are stored in institutions doing business there.

The most powerful financial firm in America. Office, at corner of Broad and Wall Streets, of J. P. Morgan & Co., who have acted as fiscal agents for many governments and for hosts of domestic corporations, handling obligations totaling scores of billions.

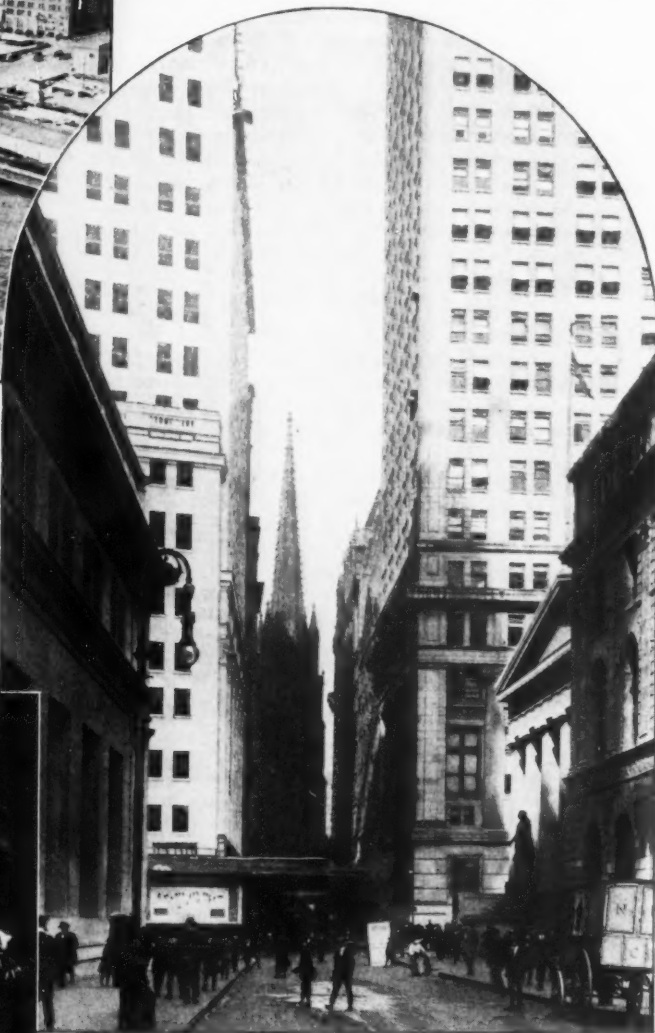


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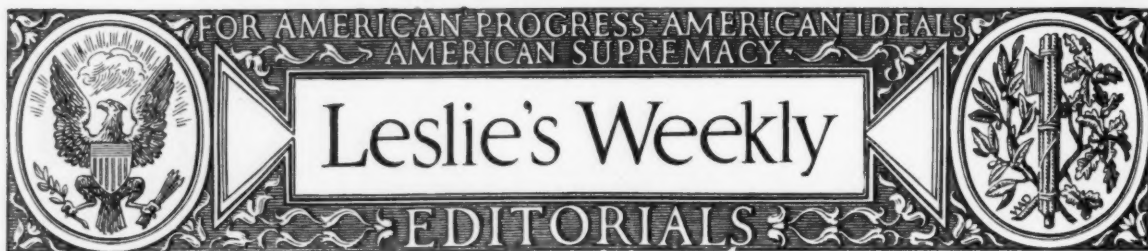
The famous United States Sub-treasury Building on Wall facing Broad Street, occupied, since the Sub-treasury was abolished, by the Assay Office exclusively. The impressive statue of George Washington at the top of the steps is one of the sights of the town and every visitor to New York is eager to see it. In front of this edifice occurred the terrible explosion in Wall Street in 1920, which caused the loss of about forty lives and threw New York into an uproar.



PAUL THOMPSON

The most noted financial thoroughfare in the New World, Wall Street, looking toward Trinity Church, also far-famed. This street is lined with offices of magnates of finance, and for this reason has such importance that its name is often used to designate the entire financial district.

PAUL THOMPSON
one of the New York Stock
exchange, the great securi-
market of the Western
Hemisphere.



Counsels of Cowardice

THE United States will take no part in the Genoa Conference. Pregnant though it is of discouragement and danger, the refusal is couched in diplomatic palaver quite meaningless in so far as any genuine explanation is afforded of our deliberate self-ostracism. Compared to his bold and unequivocal pronouncements of the Disarmament Conference, this note of Secretary Hughes seems like the work of another mind, the wording of another pen. The phrases stumble and skulk. The nearest approach to a reason given for our insulation is found in the charge that the proposed meeting is to be political rather than economic in character. As if any dividing line could be drawn between economic and political questions in the tangled wreckage of Europe! Frankly expressed our message to the struggling and desperate nations would be: "You got yourselves into this mess: now get yourselves out of it." And frankly interpreted, the underlying motive of it is fear. We are scared; scared by the bogey of "political" participation, alarmed at the prospect of becoming, through some chicanery of the wicked Continental diplomats, involved in foreign complications; shrinkingly timid lest we be contaminated by association with undesirable neighbors, such as Russia or Germany. The most powerful nation on earth elects to be the least helpful. A proud posture!

Epilogue

"COME over to Genoa," says impoverished Europe. "What for?" says rich Uncle Sam. "To help us find a way out of our financial troubles," says impoverished Europe. "Can't do it," says rich Uncle Sam. "Why not?" says Europe. "Not interested in your affairs," says Uncle Sam, and turns his back.

Time brings the first German payment. Uncle Sam turns around again, sniffs the air, smells money. "Hey! What's that?" says he. "Three hundred million dollars," says Europe. "Gimme four-fifths of it, quick!" says Uncle Sam. "What for?" says Europe. "Army upkeep on the Rhine," says Uncle Sam. "Whistle for it," says Europe. "You aren't interested in our affairs," and she turns her back.

Moral: there isn't any which a self-respecting American can afford to consider.

Set It to Music

MR. WARREN G. HARDING is a highly intelligent citizen. That he happens to be President of the United States is beside the present consideration, since Presidents must, like other unhappy mortals, make an income tax return. It is alleged that Mr. Harding emerged from a two hours' struggle with his blank, deranged of collar, pessimistic of aspect, and professedly dubious as to his having successfully coped with that intimate and painful questionnaire. Now, if a gentleman of Mr. Harding's intellectual caliber cannot pass 100 per cent. on the test, it is a fair assumption that the fault lies with the examiners rather than with the examinee. Something must be wrong with the form. The question then arises: why doesn't the Government employ an expert to get out the document? Not a mathematical, financial, or legal expert: the thing reads now like a collaboration of all three hurled together without ice in a pre-Volstead cocktail shaker; but an expert in the writing of plain English.

If \$100,000 were paid him, the sum would be saved a thousand-fold in the decrease of wear and tear upon the brains and patience of a bewildered public. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, perhaps the foremost American exponent of economy and precision in the use of words, might take the job. And, if it were desired to add a touch of aesthetics, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson or Mr. Henry Raleigh might be employed to illustrate the work and Mr. Henry Hadley to contribute interpretative music. Thus it might be made attractive as well as intelligible. Now it is neither.

The Right Way to Make Money Fly

IF AT the present time there is any justifiable military expenditure, it would seem to be in the department of aeronautics. Even a slight development in airplane control and gunnery might conceivably mean the scrapping of the most expensive naval types as obsolete. In this light the request of the United States Air Service for an aviation research appropriation of \$4,200,000 is moderate enough especially when it is considered that the experimentation is quite as likely to prove valuable to commercial as to military aeronautics. Director of the Budget Charles G. Dawes, who is far from being a spendthrift of Government moneys, has approved the estimate. Yet, the congressional sub-committee in charge, inspired by the general demand for economy, has recommended a 50 per cent. cut in the appropriation. Economy has been defined as spending money at the right time for the right thing. Allotment of a fund representing only about one-tenth the cost of a battleship, for a scientific purpose of vast potentialities, surely comes within the limits of the definition.

Closing Another Door

THOSE who advocate the American valuation tariff plan claim that it is necessary if home-made goods are to be protected from destructive foreign competition. They would impose import duties on a basis of the value of similar or comparable American merchandise, so that goods from the low-priced nations of Europe could not enter in unequal competition with our own. Such tariff, then, must obviously be adapted to the lowest-priced countries. It follows that the higher-priced countries would find their trade shut out by what would be practically an embargo set up by the United States. This would be protection, certainly, but possibly not of the most desirable kind. Germany, Austria, and eventually perhaps Russia, with their depreciated currencies and the consequent great advantage of exchange, might maintain trade with us even under the tariff handicap. England, France, Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries would feel the real severity of the discrimination. Is this a desirable development? Shall we be improving our own commercial future, in the long view, by throwing the major part of Europe back upon its own depleted and deranged markets? Have we not done enough slamming of doors between us and the rest of the world by our withholding from the League of Nations and our recent refusal to join the Genoa Conference, without adding this new barrier? At least, we might well delay any further tariff action until such time as the settling economic ferment of the Old World affords us an ascertainable basis for readjustments.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

HOUSEHOLD EFFICIENCY

LITTLE economies are rungs on the ladder of—the ladder of—Oh, let's cut the opening sentence and begin with the second. If you have in your kitchen one of those wooden reminders of daily needs, one of those boards on which you "page" flour or butter or sugar or any other commodity on sale at the grocer's by sticking a little peg in the hole adjoining its name, then this is for you; for you and yours; that is, if your family is large and inclined to go out at night.

After its day's work in the kitchen is over, the reminder board may be brought upstairs into the front hall and hung by a string on one of the hooks of the hatstand. There it may serve a useful purpose far into the small hours by telling the members of your household just who is still out and, in the case of a late comer—or better, a late returner—whether all are in but himself and whether it's safe to lock up.

The thing is simplicity itself. All you have to do is to assign to each member of your home circle a commodity name. Father, let us say, is beans. Uncle Joe is catsup. Then, of the four boys, Bill is dried peas, Ed is lentils, Jim is vanilla and Herb is eggs. If vanilla gets in at half-past eleven, he sticks a peg in the board opposite his name, so that when eggs and dried peas drift along about midnight, they won't have to wake the house by yelling upstairs, "Everybody in?" One glance at the board will show them that lentils and beans are still out. Sure enough; Ed and Pop were going to that concert. As for catsup, he's been asleep all evening in the library, so his peg hasn't been disturbed; not, in fact, since Tuesday evening when catsup went to lodge meeting.

There you are; an advance step in household efficiency; practical and amusing. Only one warning: you must take care to put the reminder board "back to scratch" when you transport it once more to the kitchen. Otherwise you may be sending to the grocer's for vanilla and dried peas—when you have oodles of both—just because Jim and Bill were out late the night before and forgot to draw their pegs in the morning.

THE LATEST BRANDS

*Loch Ard, Loch Lomond and Ben An;
Each highland line of Scott they scan.*

*Lone Glen Artney, Ben Venue,
Ellen's Isle and Rhoderic Dhu.*

*Aberfoyle and Lanrick Mead,
Ben Vorlich—these are what they read.*

*What seek they? They are on the watch
For names to use on "bootleg" Scotch.*

One of the obstacles to the belief that Washington had red hair is the fact that he warned against "entangling alliances." Would a red-headed man have been as prudent as that?



"It is the hopeless, tangled-hair bookkeeper cursing his luck."

As We Were Saying

By Arthur H. Folwell

Nature Studies by W. E. Hill

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF BANKING

VISIT any bank and be convinced: promotion is a matter of hair. Ever so often the chief executive summons a young clerk to his private room and says to him: "James, I have been watching you and I am happy to say that you are making good. When you first came with

us, six months ago, you had an obstinate cowlick on the top of your head and your hair had a tendency to grow in plate-rails above your ears. These defects you have gradually overcome; so much so that if you will have your front hair singed and will buy a pair of military brushes with extra stiff bristles, we shall be pleased to make you sixth receiving teller on the first of the month."

The next time you go to your bank—or to any bank—look at the hair on display there. It is perfection; it's like is seen in no other line except, possibly, the movies. Brushed back, it shames the glistening seal. Parted, it gleams white and undeviating, like the Lincoln Highway viewed from an airplane.

But are none but glossy-haired men employed in banks? Yes; but the public sees little or nothing of the others. They are the bookkeepers, of whom you can sometimes catch a fleeting glimpse behind high desks; high desks made higher still by volumes vast and canvas bound. Once they, too, were young and had bright prospects. But either through heredity, or indifference, they lost hold upon their hair. It formed habits of insubordination which, long uncorrected, could not be broken. Contact with the public is not for them.

Sometimes you hear in a bank a sound like the hum of bees of an August noon. But it is not, as you suppose, the mumbled adding of columns and columns of figures. It is the hopeless, tangled-hair bookkeeper cursing his luck.

* * *

LIFE is the sum of little things. For example, if the girls at the court of Edward III had taken to "rolling their own," the Order of the Garter would never have been instituted, and George V would have had to find some other means of honoring Mr. Balfour in 1922.

* * *

EVERYBODY HOME

*The radio makes its nightly way
To every house. On waves of sound
It brings us concert, opera, play,
And all we do is stick around.*

*Yes; all we do is take a seat;
No effort save to draw our breath. . . .
Deserted is each city street;
The hold-up man he starves to death.*

* * *

TWO young women, ousted from high school because of the alleged brevity of their skirts, were reinstated by order of the court, to which their parents indignantly applied. We seem to sense herein a way by which jury duty might be popularized.

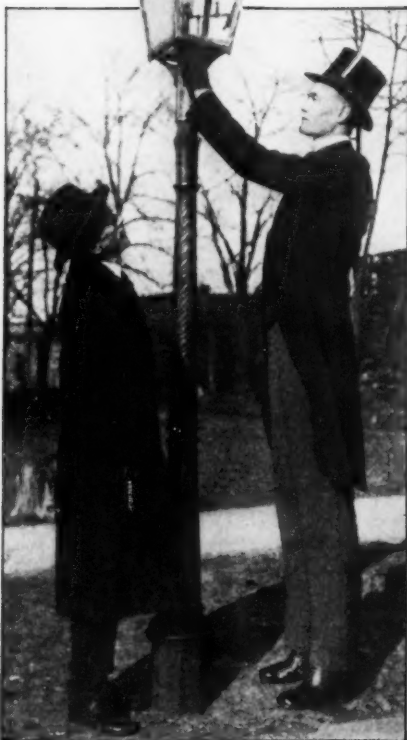
* * *

DESPITE the fact that we are still squabbling over the question, What percentage of alcohol makes a liquor intoxicating, there are nervy persons who would saddle upon the hapless country another query. Namely, how heavy may a wine be and still be "light"?



"If the girl's at the court of Edward III had taken to 'rolling their own'!"

PEOPLE YOU HAVE READ ABOUT IN THE NEWSPAPERS



FOTOGRAMS

ORDINARILY Tezans are not in the habit of looking down on their fellow men; but Glenn Hyder, who hails from the Lone Star State, is an exception. He looks down on everybody. Mr. Hyder stands 9 feet, 1 inch in his stockinged feet, and claims to be the tallest man in the world. When he is "grown up" (he is just nineteen now) he should be quite a bit taller.



P. & A.

FOLLOWING a careful examination of several thousand photographs, Sgt. William Mettlen, of Omaha, Neb., has been chosen to pose for the Government portrait of the "typical American fighting man." Sergeant Mettlen was formerly a member of the 16th Infantry. He is 5 feet, 10 inches in height, weighs 160 pounds, and has blue eyes.



KEYSTONE

DR. HUBERT WORK, of Pueblo, Col., who has succeeded Will Hays as Postmaster-General of the United States. Dr. Work is the first physician to become a member of the Cabinet in the memory of even the oldest officials. During the war he served as a Major in the Medical Corps, being assigned to the staff of General Crowder. Later he became interested in politics. Previous to his recent promotion he was acting as Mr. Hays' first assistant in Washington.



KEYSTONE

MR. AND MRS. ALVIN NUGENT McMILLIN. Or, better, Mr. and Mrs. "Bo" McMillin. Mrs. McMillin was, before her marriage, Miss Marie Miers, of Ft. Worth, Tex. She and the famous Center College football star were married on the day that "Bo" closed his football career. This is the latest snapshot of them—still on their honeymoon.



KADEL & HERBERT

PRETTY, isn't she? She's a professional dancer—but not just an ordinary one. Oh, no! She is the daughter of Admiral von Tirpitz, the famous German naval leader. Before her marriage to M. Sakaroff, a dancing Russian, she was a governess in Switzerland. To-day, with her light-footed better half, she is creating a sensation in Paris.



KEYSTONE

ARE Dempsey and Carpentier going to fight again—in Europe? Maybe so; maybe no. If one may judge from the pictures of Monsieur C., which are being received in this country, he isn't worrying much about the future. Here he is shown with his little daughter, Jacqueline, who is acting as her daddy's secretary.

"AMONG THOSE PRESENT WERE—"



WHITE PHOTOS

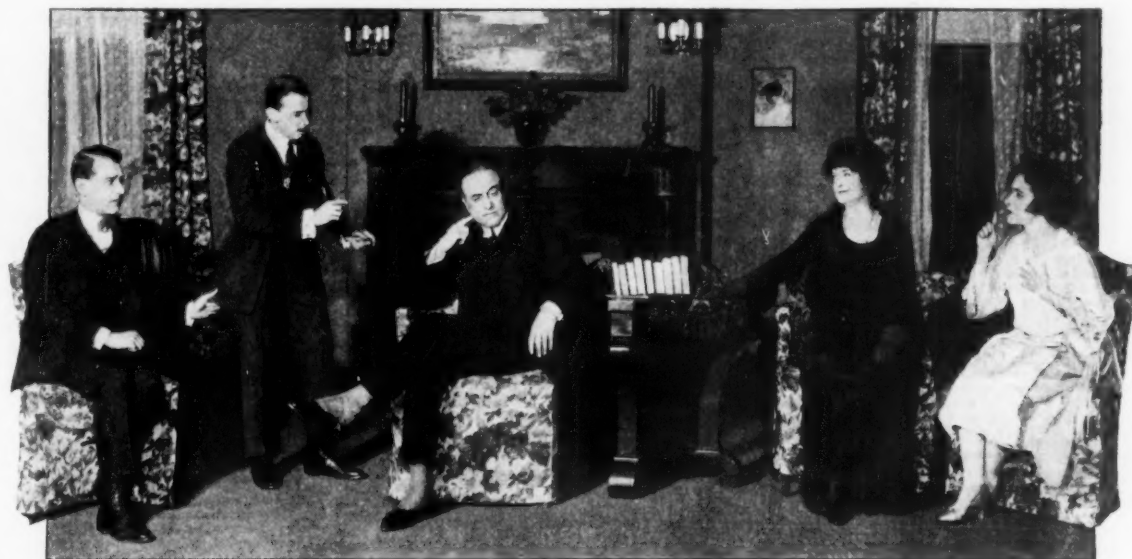
THAT ancient institution, the Great American Banquet, has considerable fun poked at it in "To the Ladies," the new Broadway comedy by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, authors of "Dulcy." The banquet in the play is a great moment in the lives of Leonard Beebe and his bride, the young hero and heroine. It is the annual dinner of the factory where Leonard works and an important promotion depends upon how successfully he delivers his maiden speech. The catastrophe that threatens and how it is averted form a climax in which the G. A. B. is hilariously satirized.



MRS. BEEBE (Helen Hayes) consoles her husband (Otto Kruger) over the impending loss of the position to which he was promoted as a result of the banquet.



IN AN agony of nervous excitement and apprehension Leonard holds the final rehearsal of his speech with his bride, Chester Mullin (Percy Helton), a fellow office employee, and a mirror as an audience.



YOUNG MULLIN'S ambitions for success do not run along forensic channels and he nearly spoils the hopes of the Beebes when John Kincaid (George Howell), Leonard's employer, and

Mrs. Kincaid (Isabel Irving), call at their suburban home to extend the coveted invitation to the banquet. In this very amusing scene Mullin is boldly broaching his "grand idea" to his bored employer.

What Do You Think of Prohibition?

TIDINGS FROM TULSA

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

As Tulsa has acquired more or less notoriety as a city of lax law enforcement, the liquor situation here might possibly prove interesting.

A short time ago lawlessness had become intolerably flagrant. People deplored the complacency of the officers; for in every obscure nook and corner of the county, roadhouses and liquor stills flourished and fattened on human weakness. The highways were infested with desperate ruffians and hold-ups were frequent. The good citizens rose as one and demanded action, chiefly against the illicit traffic in liquor. The first bombshell to burst over the liquor ring was a warning by the Ku Klux Klan of Tulsa, to the sheriff, declaring a clean-up must be initiated. Various civic bodies denounced the sheriff for his failure to suppress lawlessness. Hot upon these edicts came the vehement and organized protest of the citizenship. A law enforcement committee was formed and special deputies were appointed to aid the sheriff in raiding the liquor joints. Consequently Tulsa is now in the midst of a rigorous clean-up campaign, with extinction of the liquor traffic as the principal objective.

I do not believe that failure to abolish the liquor traffic in the United States condemns the Volstead Amendment. Laws of God and man have always been, and always will be broken by irresponsible or misled people. We have laws to prohibit treason and murder, but do they abolish these things? Emphatically, No! And especially at this time, as a great crime wave is sweeping the country, we see on every hand violation of all laws. Is it then unusual that the newly enacted Volstead Amendment suffers too?

Rather than undermine Prohibition by allowing the sale of light wines and beer, the Constitution should be upheld and the law inflexibly enforced.

There have always been, and always will be, those who oppose and hamper constructive and progressive legislation. But the world is steadily improving, and those very people, though grumbling and perverse, are being carried along to better things.

R. G.

Tulsa, Okla.

REFORMERS PSYCHO-ANALYZED

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

In connection with your discussion on Prohibition let me call your attention to a book which throws an entirely new light on the whole subject.

There has been too much written about reform, there has not been nearly enough said about reformers and this book is essentially an unmasking of the reformer, an unmasking that may often surprise him as much as anybody, because it is a scientific explanation of his subconscious motives. It should be read by every individual who wants to get to the real essentials of this question.

The book is called "The Psycho-analysis of the Reformer." But of greater interest than its mere title is the environment which brought it into being and the peculiar occupation of its author.

Restaurateurs do not as a rule write books. Cutting the heart out of a head of lettuce does not, it seems, render a man proficient in cutting the heart out of any mystery, temporal or eternal. Mixing drinks has heretofore been conducive only to mixed metaphors and spitting smoked mackerel seems to foster the split infinitive. I suspect that most men who make a living by opening oysters seldom, if ever, open a book.

But Joel is a very different individual—Joel Rinaldo, that you may have the whole of it. He is the proprietor of perhaps the oddest restaurant in New York—that city which more than any other has tried to raise to the ultimate oddness in places to eat. And here this expert in gastronomy has sat night after night for thirty years or more studying his fellow-men, as he has seen them under the most revealing circumstances, and gradually formulating a philosophy which, in his book, he has presented with Emersonian clearness, proving his proposition with the simple logic of a proposition in high school geometry.

"This is a new truth," you say, as you read Joel's book. You find yourself in no mood to question his conclusions. He has made them as obvious as the ocean and as all pervading as sunlight.

"Why has nobody shown us this before?" we say, and perhaps the answer is that never before did a proprietor of a restaurant happen to be a philosopher who reads William James and Sigmund Freud.

Somehow or other Joel's book makes you understand certain things about Prohibition that you can almost kick yourself for not having seen with your own eyes long ago. It is very much as if Joel took you down to City Hall Park and pointing in a southwesterly direction, said: "Behold the Woolworth Building." And you, rubbing your eyes exclaimed: "Now, why didn't I happen to see that before?" and then you would go away shaking your head and muttering to yourself, "I wonder if it was there yesterday," or some similar innuendo to excuse your own remarkable lack of any power of observation.

I shall not attempt to tell you what is in the book. I shall not spoil for you the charm of its style and the delightful manner in which the argument is developed. I shall merely say that this book is a bombshell. Yes, I say that with full consideration for the fact that almost everything printed nowadays is advertised as a "bombshell." But "The Psycho-analysis of the Reformer" is a sensation, to truth lovers at least, because it reveals as contemptible hypocrisy a course of conduct that we have in the past always believed was actuated by the very highest motives. We have always conceded that the reformer "meant well." It was a thoughtless concession. Lots of misguided people "mean well" and do a terrific amount of damage if they are not stopped. But

ANOTHER installment of letters received by LESLIE'S WEEKLY from various parts of the country in response to its National Prohibition Questionnaire is published herewith. Tabulation thus far of the views expressed in the communications received shows the ratio of expressions of opinion on the following nine questions in the Questionnaire, as follows:

"Are you in sympathy with National Prohibition?"

YES..... 33.188%
NO..... 66.002%
DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE..... 810%

"So far as you can observe, is Prohibition being successfully enforced in your community?"

YES..... 13.848%
NO..... 81.790%
DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE..... 4.362%

"In your neighborhood, among your personal acquaintances, has drinking increased or decreased?"

INCREASED..... 53.549%
DECREASED..... 30.136%
DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE..... 16.315%

"Do you favor stricter Prohibition enforcement laws or a modification of the present laws?"

STRICTER ENFORCEMENT..... 24.678%
MODIFICATION..... 70.784%
DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE..... 4.538%

"Do you believe that 'bootleggers' are making large sums of money?"

YES..... 76.422%
NO..... 17.394%
DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE..... 6.184%

"Do you personally know people who did not drink liquor, before Prohibition, who do so now?"

YES..... 64.341%
NO..... 33.178%
DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE..... 2.481%

"Have you personal knowledge of young men and girls who, before Prohibition, did not drink liquor and are now doing so in public places?"

YES..... 50.846%
NO..... 39.717%
DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE..... 9.437%

"Do you believe that allowing people to drink beer and light wines would, to any extent, reduce the amount of 'hard' liquor consumed?"

YES..... 65.838%
NO..... 30.082%
DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE..... 4.100%

"In your opinion, does the present situation dangerously threaten our institutions by breeding disrespect for laws?"

YES..... 72.673%
NO..... 18.217%
DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE..... 9.110%

Further tabulations will appear later in LESLIE'S.

Joel shows us that some reformers do not even mean well. He shows us that they are just as bad, if not worse, than the most degraded degenerate who is put into jail as an enemy to all decent society. And understand that Joel says all this without any question of the intrinsic right or wrong of Prohibition. Prohibition is another question. He may not believe in it; you may believe in it. Yet whether you believe in it or not you will believe in Joel's book, which is not an argument for or against Prohibition, but an illuminating study of the character of the reformer.

After you have read Joel's book you will no longer look with admiration upon the reformer, even where you believe that his labors are in a worthy cause. No matter how worthy his cause, the professional reformer is nearly always unworthy. He is a social danger of the most serious sort and the danger of his activities is tremendously increased by the fact that often he is, consciously, entirely innocent. It is in his subconscious self he is a traitor to right, even when he fights for what is right.

That is the essence of Joel's message supported incontrovertibly by the latest findings of psycho-analysis.

SCAMMON LOCKWOOD.

New York City.

OPPOSES RETURN OF BEER

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I believe in National Prohibition for the good it has already done and for the benefits which must later accrue. Enforcement in Essex County, N. J., is by no means complete, but it is progressing with the conversion of saloons into restaurants, stores and other business places.

Yes, drinking among my acquaintances has lessened materially, which is not surprising in view of the inaccessibility of alcoholic beverages.

I believe in stricter enforcement so that the new system may be given a fair show.

I know no bootleggers and cannot discuss their bank balances; they have been properly styled "human cooties" and are classed with hold-up men and low-down thieves. Bandits are just now most prosperous, and I suppose the bootleggers also thrive, although they have to divvy with those higher up.

No, I know no drinkers made so by Prohibition or since the 18th Amendment was enacted. This answers your other question touching young men and girls who drink.

The hip-pocket traffic is not increasing so far as I know, and except in a spirit of novelty and bravado I do not look for it to survive long.

If light wines and beer should be tolerated, instead of lessening the consumption of hard liquors, it would increase it. This is because these lighter intoxicants would increase the craving for a greater kick, and as the demand increased the supply of hard liquors of the wood alcohol type would increase also. Even Germany before the war had to appoint a commission to investigate the evils of beer drinking and the family debauchery which attended it and was produced by it. This whole light wine and beer agitation is of brewery origin, pure and simple, although it is pulled off through eminently respectable men who have fallen for the personal liberty bunk and gone on committees that do the propaganda stunt for the liquor interests.

Everyone knew that enforcement would be difficult at first, but take it from me, there are more happy homes in this community to-day than at any time since the 18th Amendment was passed. Kansas went through these preliminary trials, but it has real Prohibition to-day.

Did you ever hear of a home made happier by 5 per cent. beer and 10 per cent. wine? Never!

LOYAL AMERICAN.

Bloomfield, N. J.

URGES GOVERNMENT CONTROL

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

The high points in the present farce of "Prohibition" are:

Disrespect for law, which is constantly growing worse; Diversion of enormous revenues from the Government to the bootleggers, and

Inculcation of a feeling of enmity toward the Government by hundreds of thousands of its citizens by this unwarranted interference in their personal affairs.

The violation of a "Federal law" in the old days was something very few people would even contemplate. We now have a Federal law that is openly flouted and ridiculed by a great proportion of the people, with the result that all other laws, Federal, State and municipal, are regarded with a constantly decreasing amount of respect.

These fanatics have made a crime out of something that is no crime. Prohibition is not being enforced, and never can be enforced, to the extent that we have been accustomed to have law enforced.

"Prohibition" has been in effect for more than two years, and the people of this country are still drinking liquor, millions of gallons of it, for which they are paying hundreds of millions of dollars to bootleggers (who are now lined up solidly and enthusiastically with their benefactors, the Prohibitionists, in howling for "strict enforcement").

People are going to drink liquor as long as they can buy it or make it. The profits from its sale are almost enough to pay the expenses of the Federal Government, and the sooner this fact is recognized and the liquor business taken over and managed by the Government (along the lines that Canada handles it) the better for the country and the people.

Roanoke, Va.

WANTS POPULAR VOTE

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I was never known to have a bottle of whisky in my house before the country went dry, neither did I know my boy to take a drink, but now he tells me that most parties he attends they have sufficient moonshine for all, and that all the young men and young girls indulge. What is the answer? It is breeding crime and damnation into their very souls. We have a law to prohibit hard liquor (I mean intoxicants) and which is being disregarded every day by the thousands, yes, millions of our good citizens, in every State of the Union.

No intelligent, thinking man wants the saloons back again, but there should be a law to allow all free American citizens the right to purchase wine, beer and liquor under governmental control.

Take away our freedom, take away our rights, and you are going to impose a penalty on the nation from which she will never recover.

Let us have a vote on this question at our next Presidential election and put it up to the people in the right way. Our present law is a disgrace to all American citizens.

R. G. M.

Denver, Col.

Radio Department

Conducted by

William H. Easton, Ph.D.

A Radiotelephone Concert

HAVE you ever heard a radiotelephone concert? No? Then sit here beside me, adjust this extra pair of phones to your ears, and listen.

First, I adjust the receiver for station WJZ, at Newark, N. J. This powerful station is so close to us, here on Long Island, that we shall have no trouble in hearing it. Quite the contrary. The burst of music that strikes your ears as I turn the adjusting knob is almost deafening. I soften the tones and we can now hear clearly. A beautiful soprano voice is singing the "Jewel Song" from "Faust." So distinct and true is every note that the singer seems to be in the room with us, and not twenty miles away.

The singer ends her song, but we do not have to wait in idleness for her next selection. There is plenty more to be heard in the ether. I give the knob a little twist, and a lively jazz tune breaks out. That's from the station of the U. S. Signal Corps on Bedloe's Island. Another turn of the knob and the jazz dies away. Its place is taken by the voice of a violin playing above a piano accompaniment. You lean forward a little as if to hear better, for the music, though clear, is faint. And well it might be, for it is coming from Pittsburgh, 350 miles away.

Again I turn the knob. This time we pick up a quartet singing in Springfield, Mass. We catch them just as they are lingering over the closing chords of Tosti's "Farewell."

Is there anything else stirring? Let us hunt around a bit. Hark, what's that? Unmistakably a full orchestra, and a splendid one, too. It is playing the overture from "Tannhäuser." We listen breathlessly to the end and then strain our ears for the voice of the announcer to identify the station—"This is station WBL, Detroit, Mich., broadcasting a concert of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra." And we, 500 miles away, have heard it perfectly!

Little wonder that this remarkable invention has captivated the American public almost over night. In November, 1920, when station KDKA at East Pittsburgh sent out the first regularly scheduled radio program, there were not over 50,000 receivers in the country. To-day there are over 600,000; and from all indications, several million will be in service before next January.

But in spite of its widespread use, the radiotelephone is still a mystery to a great many people. It is so different from anything

Preparing to listen to a concert. All the boys have to do is adjust the receiver to the wave length of the station where the musicians are stationed—and just listen!



else in our daily lives that our experience fails to give us a single clue as to its operation.

How does it work? What can I hear? What sort of an instrument shall I buy? How shall I install it? Why can't I hear distant stations? What shall I do in case of this or that trouble? These and hundreds of other questions are being asked to-day by thousands of people. It is to answer such questions that this depart-

ment has been started. No space will be devoted to purely technical matters. It is believed that the average person is no more interested in building a radio receiver than he is in making a camera or a phonograph; he merely wishes to get the best possible results out of the instrument he has purchased. All questions in regard to the selection, installation, operation, and care of receivers will be gladly answered; but readers desiring information on the technical details of construction of receivers and transmitters are referred to the several excellent technical radio journals to be found everywhere to-day.

PROTECT YOUR AERIALS FROM LIGHTNING

All outdoor aerials should be provided with some device to protect against lightning. There is little danger from a direct stroke; but whenever a flash occurs in the immediate vicinity, a high voltage charge will form in the wire, and if this charge does not find a direct path to ground, it may strike through the receiver. Ordinarily, no harm will be done, but in extreme cases the receiver may be damaged and a fire started.

Several kinds of easily installed, approved lightning protectors can be obtained from any dealer in radio supplies. These are to be preferred to the double-throw switch, which has heretofore been generally used for the purpose, because they protect the apparatus when it is in use and require no attention. The switch, however, is perfectly satisfactory if it is provided with a good outside ground and is actually connected to this ground during a storm.

After installing the protector, consult your fire insurance agent to make sure that it fully complies with the Underwriters' rules. Be sure to do this.

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WBZ, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. (Westinghouse).
WGY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y. (General Electric).
WJZ, NEWARK, N. J. (Radio Corporation—Westinghouse).
*WYCB, BEDLOE'S ISLAND, N. Y. (U. S. Signal Corps).
KDKA, PITTSBURGH, PA. (Westinghouse).
WBL, DETROIT, MICH. (Detroit News).
KYW, CHICAGO, ILL. (Westinghouse).

*Actual wave length 1,450 meters, but can also be heard on about 365 meters.

LOCATIONS OF OTHER STATIONS

JERSEY CITY, N. J.	KANSAS CITY, MO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	DALLAS, TEX.
ATLANTA, GA.	DENVER, COL.
CINCINNATI, O.	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
MADISON, WIS.	LOS ANGELES, CAL.
LINCOLN, NEB.	SEATTLE, WASH.

In addition, several hundred small stations are scattered throughout the country.

A TYPICAL PROGRAM

The following program of one of the larger stations (KDKA) illustrates the general character of broadcasting service.

WEEK DAYS

10.00 to 10.15 A.M.—News and music.
12.30 to 1.00 P.M.—News and music.
2.00 to 2.30 P.M.—News and music.
4.00 to 4.30 P.M.—News and music.
7.30 to 7.45 P.M.—Stories for children.
7.45 to 8.30 P.M.—News, agricultural reports, weather forecast and speeches.
8.30 to 9.00 P.M.—Musical program.
9.00 to 9.05 P.M.—News.
9.05 to 9.30 P.M.—Musical program.
10.00 P.M.—Arlington time signals.

SUNDAYS

Church services at 10.45 A.M., 3 P.M., 7.30 P.M.

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The Price—(Concluded from page 439)

man upon the mat, with the opium pipe and the heavy black revolver beside him. "The girl, San Lee, can be bought," said Tom Mock.

"I am unworthy to stand before you . . ." Lun Hing fumbled at his breast and drew out a grimy bit of paper, which he gave to the other, "here is a paper on which is written the sum of my wages with the company," he said. Tom Mock took the document, an overseer's credit slip, and saw that Lun Hing had Singapore dollars 140 due him. The devil that lived in his brain moved him to tear the paper delicately across, and again, into tiny squares. "San Lee is beautiful," he observed, and the curdled black blood moved faster in his veins as he saw the coolie's agony, "that . . . is nothing," he added, and let the torn fragments trickle from his hand to the floor, "the girl's price is one thousand dollars."

"Your august greatness is benevolent," Lun Hing's hands slid from his sleeves and hung limp at his sides. "I am but a poor man . . ." the other's silence gave him no comfort, and he went on miserably. "What I have saved is little, but I am strong, and I am a good workman."

"Who can pay, can buy," Tom Mock flicked a derisive thumb at a badly stuffed orang-utang that leered from a corner of the room. "That also was strong," he waited for his point to sink home, then, "doubtless it had a wife; bought for two cocoanuts. It did not want San Lee," again he paused, and the lust of torture lit his dulled eyes like a flame, "but if it had brought me a thousand dollars, that is her price," he said. The revolver was at his hand, and he did not notice the slow pallor that spread from Lun Hing's high cheek bones to his quivering lips. Like the trickle of thick venom his voice went on. "Return to your copra shed, for the pretty San Lee is beyond your reach. You cannot pay, and he who is unable to pay, must lose," he waved languidly toward the door, "that is all. I wish to rest."

Totally unexpected was the swift, tiger leap of the coolie that answered him. Driven beyond endurance and any fear, Lun Hing sprang back to the wall behind him, seized a gleaming kris from the rack, and in deadly silence made for Tom Mock. The half-caste smiled as his hand closed upon the butt of the heavy revolver.

The muzzle was pointed full at Lun Hing's broad breast and his finger had begun to press steadily upon the trigger, when he remembered the Black Pearl! In a terrible vision, like a flung scarf, he saw the great jewel mashed to powder by his shot . . . the richest prize of his life . . . worth twenty San Lees . . . he saw Lun Hing tower over him as he lay, and he croaked hoarsely, his blood pounding in his ears . . . Tom Mock's pale hand strove upon the trigger . . . wavered . . . he could not fire, and Lun Hing drove the kris to the iron hilt in his heart.

With a gasp Tom Mock slumped back upon his mat, and as he died his lips drew back from the yellow teeth in the snarl of a cornered rat. His right arm sank to the floor, and as the muzzle of the revolver clutched in his hand struck with a thud, there rolled from it into the lamplight a ball of shimmering, lustrous beauty, and the black pearl came to rest at Lun Hing's feet.

While he stood beside the dead man, the door of the room opened, and San Lee, pale as the petal of a moonflower, entered. She saw first Lun Hing, and then Tom Mock, lying quiet with the knife hilt at his breast, so that she fled to the coolie's side and gripped his sleeve with clinging hands. "He is dead, I have killed him," said Lun Hing, and stooped to pick up the great pearl. "No, no! Do not touch it . . . it is death!" she stammered, wide eyed, as he rolled the sea-jewel in his hand.

"Beautiful San Lee, we are done with death, it is Tom Mock who has gone to the Land of Shadows," he slipped the pearl into his pocket, "we cannot stay in Sandakan, and the pearl is money to speed us." Then, because he was a coolie and revered any joss, Lun Hing went to the image of Tai-pek-kong and lighted a stick of incense, begging in hurried mumbled words for the god's blessing. "There were not many who loved him, there may be none to seek us, but let us go swiftly," he said.

"Kwan-Yin, Goddess of Mercy, help thy children," prayed San Lee, and her tiny sandaled feet beneath the blue butterfly robe pattered beside his as they left the room.

Tai-pek-kong, God of Riches, sat upon his pedestal, and when the door closed and swirled the heavy curl of smoke before him, he seemed to sway and nod in silent mirth.

Sun-living

By RUTH BASSETT

*I'M tired of unreality
And living in the sun;
I want to feel the slap of rain—
The gnaw of want, the wrench of pain;
I want to meet life's cruelties
And test them one by one.*

*I'm sick of unreality
And life's untroubled me;
I want the whirlpools of desire,
My body and my soul to tire;
I want emotion's tidal wave
To wash down over me.*

*And then—when such reality
Shall leave me on its shore,
And spent and listless I shall be,
Half drowned in life's immensity,
I shall look up to God and cry:
"Give me the sun once more!"*

Where Hollywood Gets Off

[(Continued from page 443)]

under or overacted these days the director is held at fault quite as much as the player.

Writing men with great pains have polished up a scenario until it sparkles. An art director, using all the taste that Providence and a technical training have given him, has blown a few or many thousands of dollars against a trick set. Some genius of a camera man with a machine that makes features look soft and beautiful is at hand. (What stories are here! Of camera men by whom stars swear because this facial defect or that is enveloped in the wizardry of their work. Here is genuine art of the pictures. Well paid for, too. During the big money days of the war boom it was nothing for these young machine gunners of celluloid to knock out between \$10,000 and \$25,000 a year.) An expert in lighting effects is somewhere about. And lastly, the director, who is the absolute monarch in his little kingdomette.

All for what? That little Alice and little Aleck may walk on before the camera and turn loose a slice of acting that—everyone trusts—is going to knock 'em dead in their chairs from Kokomo to Hong Kong.

I invariably recall Dr. Johnson who, in discussing the merit of the player said: "What, sir, a fellow who clamps a hump on his back and a lump on his leg and cries: 'I am Richard the Third!' Nay, sir, a ballad singer is a higher man for he does two things. He repeats and he sings. There is both recitation and music in his performance." I wonder what the choleric old doctor would have thought of Aleck who neither recites nor sings, but only looks.

I may be wrong in this matter. Assume I am. Grant that motion picture acting—while the camera is being turned—is as difficult as ordinary stage playing, or writing a big news story with a paper galloping to press. It still is possible to show, as I have previously suggested, that it is one of the softest ways of making big money that ever has been discovered.

The actor is never called upon for a sustained performance. Motion pictures are made in short takes. The player in any one scene is rarely before the camera as long as three minutes. The actor or actress who plays twenty scenes in a day has done a "good day's work." In all he or she may have been before the camera as long as an hour and a half.

The remainder of the time has been spent in waiting for lights, cameras, properties and what not to be arranged, and during this time the actor or actress is taking it easy. If there is anything of great emotional strain I never happened to observe it.

All this has a bearing on the manner of life lived by some of the Hollywood colony out of hours. With a high salary and vast prestige, work that is not too difficult either in preparation or doing, and a great deal of leisure in between pictures and such, there has been plenty of opportunity to get into mischief.

(To be continued)

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FOREIGN TRADE AND OUR EUROPEAN DEBTORS

WHY is so much stress laid by financiers on the idea that imports from debtor countries should enter the United States with as little hindrance as possible from tariff regulations? Why is it contended that unless we permit the indebted countries readily to sell their products here they cannot pay their governments' dues to us? On this point there appears to be much confusion of thought, or at least obscurity of statement. There is a reason for the position taken, but this has not been made entirely clear. Governments themselves do not participate in business transactions. Commerce is carried on by private enterprise and its risks, profits or losses do not immediately concern the ruling authorities. Hence, an excess of imports from Great Britain or France over our exports to them would not mean cancellation of the debts of those governments to us by the amount of that excess.

Governments can pay their indebtednesses only out of the revenues they raise by taxation. But a prosperous land is a more able, willing, and liberal yielder of taxes than an impoverished or only passably thriving one. If the people of Great Britain and France could increase the total of their trade with the people of the United States—that is, enlarge their exportations in this direction—their prosperity would be enhanced and their Governments could obtain larger tribute from the taxpayers. Income and property taxes would make augmented returns to the national treasuries, and this might be true even if the tax rates should be lowered.

Burdens of taxation are relative, not absolute. The poor individual with difficulty meets an exaction which to a rich man would be trifling. So is it with nations. When they are well-to-do they can face billions of bills payable without a qualm. It is to the interest of all creditors to have their debtors prosper. And so the United States desires that the Allied nations, whose rulers borrowed \$10,000,000,000 from its treasury, should flourish and pile up riches. In that event repayment of the loans would become comparatively easy and the chance of international irritation from this source, due to heavy taxation, would shrink to a minimum.

Now that Great Britain proposes soon to begin paying interest on her debt to the United States, it would advantage

her if there should be an increase in the sale of British products in this country. Indirectly, that would strengthen the British Government's fiscal position. If the British could find other equally good markets they would not have to deal more extensively with America. Britain could then reduce her debt by using some of the money obtained by her business concerns from customers elsewhere. But, all things considered, the United States offers the most desirable market in the world for the European debtor nations, and it would be much harder for them to repay us if their citizens do not have facile access to buyers here. Therefore, it is hoped that the coming tariff measure—if it ever does come—will not bear too heavily on foreign-made wares. As has before been said in these columns, moderate imposts would serve to equalize cost of production here and abroad and they would not bar out or unduly restrict offerings from across the sea. Profits on the imported goods would, of course, be less than if these were admitted free. But the market would continue open and inviting and there would still be a sufficient margin over expense to warrant active trade.

American sentiment, more firmly than ever, favors payment by the Allies of their obligations to us. But it also would grant them a fair chance to earn the requisite funds. While there can be no compromise on the main question of debt payment, some compromise on lesser matters might be advisable. Great benefit should follow expanded commercial activities between the United States and the debtor lands, and nowhere would the effects be more signally evident than in our securities market. The securities of not a few concerns dependent more or less on sales abroad have slumped considerably since the war. A revival of foreign trade would react favorably on the issues of numerous corporations, as well as add to the national prosperity.

Answers to Inquiries

M. ATWATER, MINN. The John Deere Company is paying dividends on preferred, but none on common. Its bonds appear to be a fair business man's investment. No first-class listed bonds paying 8 per cent. are selling at par and below. They are all quoted at a premium. Here are some fairly good 8 per cent. issues, meeting your requirement of price: Allied Packers, Central Steel, City of Porto Alegre, Brazil; Indianapolis Refining, National Leather and Invincible Oil. Armour 7s of 1930 and Swift 7s of 1931 are selling at about the same price. Swift & Co. have no preferred stock and Armour & Co. cannot continue dividends on common. That should explain why Swift's shares are higher than Armour common.

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K. TOLEDO, OHIO. The Calumet & Hecla Mining Co. has paid no dividends since June, 1920. It had deficits in 1918, 1919 and 1920. Its production was greatly curtailed in 1921 and it probably made no profit. It produces copper and the market for the metal is not very brisk at present. The stock is not "a good investment," but a speculation.

A. BATTLE CREEK, MICH. It looks like a prudent step to exchange Liberty Bonds for the Miller mortgage bonds. The latter are well regarded and reasonably secure. The Petosky Portland Cement Co. has paid no dividends since January, 1919. Yet it has recently increased its capital stock from \$1,500,000 to \$2,500,000. If it could make no return on the old amount of stock how can it on the increased amount?

M. PHILADELPHIA, PA. The Sen-Sen Chiclet Company bonds are a mortgage on trade-marks and trade-names and are secured by deposits of certain issues owned by the Sen-Sen Chiclet Co. The latter company was absorbed by the American Chiclet Co., which has assumed payment of the bonds. The Chiclet Co. is not in a strong financial position, having been obliged to pass dividends on its stock.

M. PERU, IND. Standard Oil of Indiana pays 16 per cent. on par, \$25, or \$4 a year. It is quoted at about 887, so that the yield on market price is low. As the company paid a stock dividend of 150 per cent. in 1920, it is rather too soon to look for another melon. At the end of 1920 the company had a surplus of \$86,000,000. I do not anticipate a boom in the market right away. It is more likely to advance slowly except in the case of specialties.

J. NEWPORT NEWS, VA. The Union Oil Co. of Delaware has large holdings and ought to have a future. It might be better to hold your shares for a while longer in hope of better prices. American International has strong men behind it, and it is said that it earned a small surplus in 1921. This is considered encouraging because a deficit was looked for. The corporation may some day be in much better shape.

W. DECATUR, ILL. Although Bethlehem B common has not the voting power, it is more favored by the public than the Class A stock because the issue is larger and lends itself more readily to speculation. Dividend paying stocks that may some day sell higher include Allis-Chalmers common and preferred, American Woolen common, American Steel Foundries, U. S. Rubber preferred, Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent. pfd. Of course, I cannot tell how fast and how far the prices of these issues will go. If business should improve it is very likely that Southern Pacific, Middle States Oil and Beth. Steel B will make advances. Any of the stocks named would be a fair purchase with your \$1,500, but it would be safer to diversify.

B. LOS ANGELES, CAL. It is useless to conjecture the future of Simms Petroleum Co. It has large holdings, but whether it is going to be able to earn enough to pay dividends is more than I can work out.

A. CHICAGO, ILL. Libby, McNeil & Libby has passed dividends on both classes of stock and it is said payments are not likely to be resumed for a year or two. It would be better to buy a dividend paying stock. Goodyear pfd. is not a dividend payer and it looks like a long pull.

H. F. WILCOX OIL & GAS Co. appears to be heavily capitalized. The stock, par value \$5, is quoted at \$3.25. It does not appear desirable.

S. KANSAS CITY, MO. The Canada Copper Co. has valuable property. It has had its labor troubles and the low price of copper has injured its business. The stock has been quoted as low as 20 cents although the par is \$5. Whether the company will prosper or not in the future depends on an improved market for copper. The Big Ledge Copper Co. stock is as little desirable as the Canada Co.'s stock. I would not, as an original proposition, put any money into either of them. Ray Hercules Copper Co. stock is quoted at 4 cents, so ridiculously low a price that the less you have to do with the stock the better.

S. CALDWELL, IDA. It probably will be quite a time before General Motors common resumes payment of dividends. Willys Overland stocks are both highly speculative and the prospect of returns on them is pretty dim. The company has not overcome all its difficulties. Pacific Oil is selling too high for its present dividend of \$3. You could do better by buying Mexican Petroleum pfd. paying 8 per cent. One share will cost you less than two shares of Pacific Oil, which would bring you only \$6. The stock of the Lincoln Motor Co., which was purchased by Henry Ford, is still quoted on the curb, apparently because there is hope that the stockholders will get something out of it. But there are no indications that Mr. Ford intends to make any payments to the stockholders in general.

L. MORRISTOWN, N. J. A coal strike—if one takes place, which is doubtful—could only temporarily affect the stock market and would not be a serious obstacle to the present upward move. The Administration at Washington would probably intervene before the trouble went too far. The caution issued by the State Department to capitalists not to lend money abroad without the approval of the Department does not necessarily mean that any country is going bankrupt. It shows that the Department will not use its moral influence in favor of lenders unless they have the sanction of the Department for their loans. A smash in Germany has apparently been pretty well discounted and it may never take place. The outlook for the Sugar companies has lately improved and prices of their stocks have been advancing, but if the new tariff bill should put a high duty on sugar, Cuban-American Sugar Company's stock would be far from a good speculation. The outlook for Island Oil stock. The company has immense holdings, but is heavily capitalized and somehow it has been unable to make enough money to put itself in a strong position. I have considerable confidence in Governor Haskell, although his management of the Middle States Oil Corporation has not always been conservative. In spite of everything the company seems to hold its own, and it has paid dividends right along. Its outlook appears good.

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Are the Railroads Doomed?—(Concluded from page 441)

MARSHFIELD:

"The Southern Pacific Company paid taxes in Coos County of \$41,085 for the year 1920; expended in Marshfield and vicinity \$207,705 and in the State of Oregon \$4,519,888 for lumber, etc., during the year of 1920; paid \$3,840 for street improvements in the city of Marshfield during 1920; employs in the city of Marshfield 91 men, most of these men being heads of families representing more than 300 people, all residents of Marshfield. The payroll for these men averages \$15,308 per month which is distributed among our local merchants for the necessities of life. Don't bite the hand that's feeding you."

LEBANON:

"Does the public want the roads, which pay taxes, ruined by the hauling of heavy loads over them by a business that does not contribute to their upkeep? The trucks do not maintain stations in our city for the convenience of their patrons, but use our public streets for this purpose. They do not employ anyone who resides in our city, neither do they have any payroll that could in any way compare to that of the railroad; in fact, they have no payroll at all in Lebanon. They spend but little if any money among us, unless it should happen to be for gasoline to enable them to get out of town."

"We want to see our present train service continued, and we know it will not be should the present state of freight and passenger business continue. We hope the merchants of Lebanon will work hand in hand in an effort to retain what we now have—a good service."

Boycotts of merchants who patronize motor trucks have been started in several communities, and there is now a movement on foot to call a special session of the State legislature and secure the passage of laws regulating motor transportation, demanding heavy bonds from operators, insisting upon definite schedules of transportation, and in general placing the entire business in responsible hands, subject to control of the public service commission.

On the other hand, the motor bus and motor truck operators are now raising funds to combat this opposition, are laying plans for a state-wide organization, and in every part of the State are extending their lines.

What will be the outcome?

When I asked William Sproule, President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, this question, he replied as follows:

"The motor bus and motor truck will not drive the railroad out of business; at least not in this generation. The people are beginning to appreciate the value of railroad service, and if they were called upon to-day to choose between the motor bus and the railroad, they would choose the latter."

"Moreover, the reported prosperity of auto vehicle transportation is largely fictitious. That is to say, if the motor trucks and motor busses were subjected to the same treatment accorded the railroads, few of them could compete with the railroads."

"The railroads ask for no favors. All they ask is a square deal. If you are not going to tax the gasoline railroad, then don't tax the steam railroad; if you are going to tax the steam railroad, then tax the gasoline railroad. That seems plain enough, and eminently just. It is all we ask, and I am certain the people,

when they understand the situation, will grant it."

Another prominent railroad man on the Coast, who did not wish to be quoted, was not quite so optimistic concerning the future. He said:

"If the motor vehicle development of the past decade represents a natural advance in the evolution of transportation—that is to say, if the motor vehicle can supply better transportation at less cost to the people than the steam railroad—then no amount of agitation and no amount of legislation can prevent the ultimate disappearance of the railroad. But this fact has not yet been demonstrated. I hesitate to say it will not be demonstrated. In fact when I try to picture the future I sometimes see the airplane, the motor truck and motor car, and can't see the steam engine at all."

Except for less than 100 miles, now in process of construction, there is now a paved highway from Portland, Oregon, to Los Angeles, California—a distance of approximately 1,200 miles. In Washington, Oregon and California, there are at least 3,000 miles of paved highway as feeders to this main coast road, known as the Pacific Highway. In two or three years the Pacific Highway will be practically completed from the Canadian line through Seattle, to the Mexican border, and then every important railroad on the Coast will be paralleled by a hard surfaced road, open to motor vehicle competition.

Facing such a situation, what is there to prevent the railroads being forced out of business? In the opinion of the writer there are two main obstacles: First, public regulation, as suggested above, which is unquestionably coming in the very near future; and, second, the element of speed.

Time is the great factor in American transportation, passenger and freight. As long as motor trucks and motor busses use the public highways, crowded with other traffic and subject to speed restrictions, they cannot hope to compete with the railroads in speed, and therefore cannot hope to secure any long haul traffic, until special highways are constructed for their use alone.

Interurban traffic—that is, the short haul traffic between neighboring cities—is going fast as far as the steam and electric railroads on the Pacific Coast are concerned, and there is good reason to believe that in a very few years it will be gone entirely. To this condition—the loss of the short haul business—the railroads of the Coast and probably eventually of the country will have to adjust themselves.

"How to Cure Your Shortsightedness"

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The reader may recall that in the issue of January 21, LESLIE'S WEEKLY published an article by Hereward Carrington, Ph.D., entitled "How to Cure Your Shortsightedness." This article was based on a book by Dr. W. H. Bates, of New York—"Perfect Sight Without Glasses"—in which that well-known authority recommends certain exercises as a substitute for glasses. It called forth a number of protests from physicians and optometrists, some of which are reproduced below—protests which not only questioned Dr. Carrington's use of his material, but the theories and findings of Dr. Bates. Dr. Bates, therefore, was invited to reply. His letter appears with the others.)

"UTTERLY RIDICULOUS"

To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Re the article, "How to Cure Your Shortsightedness," by Hereward Carrington, Ph.D., in your issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, January 21, 1922.

You have never published anything so utterly ridiculous in the history of LESLIE'S. If you want the truth about this matter, either dissect an eye yourself, under the direction of a competent instructor, or apply to Prof. F. A. Wolk, Ph.D., Columbia University, New York.

Yours very truly,

H. E. DAVISON.

Guelph, Ont.

EXERCISES NO CURE

To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

With apologies to yourself, for I am sure you didn't know any better, but it does seem that a publication of the caliber of LESLIE'S WEEKLY would look into the facts a little more thoroughly before passing approval on articles of the nature of that by Hereward Carrington, Ph.D. (issue of January 21, 1922).

The writer refers you to page 8 of Dr. Thomas G. Atkinson's new book, "Oculo-refractive Cyclopaedia, and Dictionary" (published by The Professional Press, Inc., Chicago), for a simple test which you can do, that with a little carelessness, will prove to yourself that Dr. W. H. Bates's new "sensational" theory is all a myth. Exercises such as he indicates, are good for the ciliary muscle, if not overdone (thereby straining the eyes by overhauling the supply of nerve energy), but will never "cure" defective eyes, as is indicated. That which is not a disease cannot be cured. Hypermetropia, myopia and astigmatism are "errors of refraction" caused by abnormal shape of the eye, and can only be relieved by proper glasses. Call them "crutches" if you will, but if they are made right, comfortable, they are one of the greatest aids to the health, happiness and welfare of the people to-day. Some no doubt will do themselves damage by trying the methods referred to, and only add to their own suffering.

That you will correct the false impressions given out in that article is expected by the writer. Your readers are entitled to the facts.

Respectfully,

L. A. WELLS.

Nevada, Ia.

LACKS SCIENTIFIC BASIS

To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

As one of your readers I wish to protest against the article on page 92 of January 21 issue, "How to Cure Shortsightedness."

This article has no scientific foundation and is erroneous in its entirety.

In the first place a statement is made that myopia—or shortsightedness—is by far the most prevalent of eye defects. That statement is undoubtedly made by a person who is unfamiliar with the true conditions.

Fully 75 per cent. of all refractive errors, regardless of age of patient, are hyperopia or hyperopic astigmatism. These errors of refraction are due to an abnormal shape of the eyeball. In hyperopia—or farsightedness—the antero-posterior diameter of the eyeball is shortened; in myopia this diameter is lengthened. This measurement can in no way be changed by muscular contractions. In order to overcome this defect the ciliary muscle contracts or expands the lens. This constant extra work on this branch of the third cranial nerve, which supplies this muscle, is the cause of eye strain.

As to the experiments on the eyes of rabbits, etc., by the removal of the lens, an artificial hyperopia is always produced, not by changing the antero-posterior diameter of the eyeball, but by depriving the eye of its main refractive media, the lens.

Dr. Bates cannot produce myopia in an eye where the lens has been extracted, except by putting a strong convex glass in front of the eye, which must have a greater refractive power than the lens removed.

From experiments I have made, extending over a period of several weeks, which were the same as Dr. Bates narrates, the same refractive error was found to exist as at the beginning.

There is only one relief for those suffering with a refractive error and that is by the use of properly prescribed spectacles.

The statement that Dr. Bates has conclusively proved that neither the ciliary muscle, nor the lens, have anything to do with accommodation, but is due to other factors entirely, is ridiculous. He does not mention what

those other factors are. There can be no other factors, as there are no external muscles which can change the contour of the eyeball under any circumstances. Some one has failed to study the anatomy of the eye carefully.

The article further goes on to say that in comparison to an egg, the egg standing on end is a condition of shortsightedness, when the exact contrary is true. If the antero-posterior diameter is too short, as I stated before, a condition of farsightedness is present.

This article of Dr. Carrington's will give your readers an erroneous idea of their defects, and the answer to it should be given the same publicity which his article received.

Respectfully,

O. C. BROWN, M.D.

Charleston, Ill.

MISLEADS THE LAYMAN

To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

We regret very much that a magazine of the standing of LESLIE'S WEEKLY should be misled by the pseudo-knowledge of one calling himself Hereward Carrington, Ph.D., in an article appearing on page 92 of your January 21 issue.

This gentleman apparently writes on subjects of which he knows absolutely nothing, misleading the layman who may read this article, and believes it has the authority of investigation behind it.

We would appreciate very much if you would convey to Dr. Carrington the information that many, practically all statements made in his article are false, and that the treatise written by Dr. Bates, from which he has apparently cribbed most of his information, disagrees with the published statements in this article. We are not entering into any controversy with Dr. Bates or his peculiar ideas concerning refraction, but we at least demand accuracy in those who quote him.

Very truly yours,

LOS ANGELES COUNTY ASSOCIATION
OF OPTOMETRISTS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

DR. BATES' REPLY

To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

A number of protests, all written, it is claimed by their writers, in the name of "Science," have been received, against statements contained in an article, "How to Cure Your Shortsightedness," by Hereward Carrington, Ph.D., appearing in LESLIE'S of January 21, and based upon my methods and discoveries.

Science, in my understanding, is simply another name for knowledge. For demonstrable, proven knowledge. Invocations of "Science" as a fetch have covered a multitude of crimes as well as heralded a multitude of blessings. False "science" has been supported and true science has been derided more than once in the world's history, but if true science is, literally and simply, demonstrable knowledge, whether codified or indorsed by professional societies and practitioners or not, then it is my right to reply to the assertions of untruth in Mr. Carrington's article in the name of science—of true science—myself.

The principal assertions calling for reply are:

1. That defective eyesight, due to errors of refraction, cannot be cured, but can only be relieved, and by glasses. My published results of cures are evidence that errors of refraction are curable.

2. Myopia—or shortsightedness—is the most prevalent of eye defects.

Mr. Carrington erred in this statement; my published statistics, available to anyone interested, show the contrary.

3. The antero-posterior diameter of the eyeball cannot be changed by muscular contractions.

My published experiments on animals, verified and easy of reference, show conclusively and scientifically that this assertion is untrue.

4. In experiments with rabbits' eyes farsightedness is produced not by changing the antero-posterior diameter of the eyeball, but by depriving the eye of its main refractive medium, the lens.

On the contrary, the antero-posterior diameter is shortened by contraction of the recti, as the record of my experiments on animals plainly demonstrates.

5. Shortsightedness cannot be produced in an eye from which the lens has been extracted except by putting a strong convex glass in front of the eye, which must have a greater refractive power than the lens removed.

In the absence of the lens myopia and accommodation can be and have been produced. My experiments on animals have demonstrated this as well.

6. My proofs that the ciliary muscle and the lens have nothing to do with accommodation, which is due to other factors entirely, are ridiculous, and there are no other factors.

In the absence of the lens I have demonstrated, and the records of the demonstrations have been published, that the length of the eyeball and the variable focus can be altered at will through the action of the muscles on the outside of the eyeball.

I have been a recognized eye specialist for thirty-seven years. I have cured and improved the defective eyesight of thousands of persons. Valuable invocations of professional "science" to the contrary notwithstanding, I have established certain truths with regard to defective eyesight, its causes, improvement and cure, which have proved their value to humanity and their scientific actuality through being the medium of the restoration of perfect sight to hundreds of persons without the use of glasses.

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W. H. BATES, M.D.

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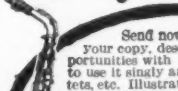
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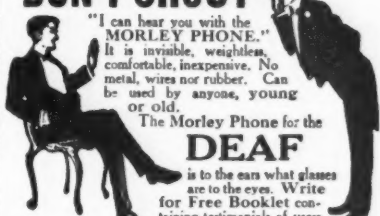
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The Doggonedest Race—(Concluded from page 435)

over two news camera men and a judge before they could be stopped.

"Lyd" was through, and had gone miles farther than the course called for. The story of how she stopped the runaways and mushed back to the trail across country, fighting drifts, breaking through the crust into six to eight feet of snow, pulling out by the main force of her dogs, covered with snow and ice, but full of grit, would read like the cross-section of a novel of the Northwest. But handicapped as she was with a bad knee, injured in a spill before the start, she had made it.

She had another handicap. Where men drivers could run for a space, warming themselves and at the same time resting their dogs, the girl could not. With the injured knee impeding her, she could not lose the time, and so she rode all of the way, the cold stiffening her to the one cramped position, lips frosting into the pucker of her whistle, snow freezing on clothes and face, but still going.

At the end of the second lap she was swaying on the sledge, but still whistling. "She'll never finish," was the verdict of many, but what wagers were offered that way were snapped up like hot cakes.

"I don't care whether she finishes or not," bawled one husky in mackinaws and shoe-pacs. "I'm for her and my money goes down to say she does," and the roar that greeted him showed that he had voiced a popular sentiment.

Kent won in a driving finish that carried him through the waiting crowd and fairly under their feet. His sledge hadn't stopped before the now utterly mad mob had grabbed him, thrust him shoulder high and carried him forward for the approval of the judges. His time was two hours and thirty-five minutes for

the twenty-five miles of the course, slower than his world's record of 1921, which was thirty-four minutes less for the distance. It was a new record in view of the storm and trail conditions, however, and it brought the Ashton-Golden Anniversary classic well into the big three of dog derbies.

William Kooch, of Big Springs, dashed in to second time, followed four minutes later by George Pilcher, a young driver from up at Lake, in the Targhee, near the Park entrance. They all finished within fourteen minutes of each other.

Young America was represented worthily in fourth place, when Olcott Zarn, a fourteen-year-old boy, finished with a team jointly owned and trained by himself and Frank Smuin, after putting up a stiff race that classes him as some day becoming a contender for the honors of the champion himself.

Finally came the girl. Swaying unsteadily on the sledge, lips fairly frozen in the pucker, with the whistle gone but game to the end, she crossed the line. Too stiff to rise, she was lifted off and carried to shelter, but before she left the team she managed a plucky grin through her stiffened lips.

Brawn, heart and courage had been displayed. Brains, even among the dogs, had their turn when the trophy denoting the American championship, was presented to Kent by the Governor. Hardly looking at it, he handed it to his lead dog, "Bob," which stood by his side.

And Bob looked first at the champion he had piloted to victory, then at the Governor, and if his gurgle of understanding joy wasn't the most intelligent speech of thanks ever made on like occasion, then this correspondent never covered one.

The Tramp Steamer

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

*WITH side plates rusty from the tossing spray,
She swings in ballast from the Mersey's tide;
We've watched her kicking slowly up the bay,
And heard her anchor rattling o'er the side.*

*No harbor claims her for its very own,
From Brest she surges in a Channel rain;
For lotus tiderays in a swooning zone,
Or ancient harbors on the Spanish Main.*

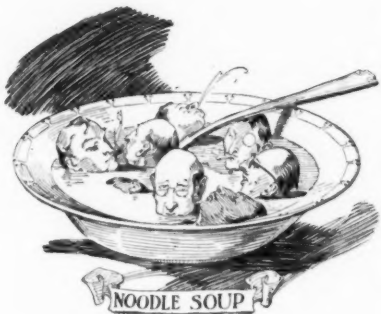
*Her smoke clouds trail above the fields of rice,
South bound for Saigon through the Yellow Sea;
She crunches heavily through drifting ice,
Where bleak St. John's rests by its polar lea.*

*Out of the River Plate she rolls and dips,
For north of Hatteras with her salty hides;
Or in the sluggish Schuylkill joins the ships,
That carry oil to Chinese watersides.*

*No signals flare for her on midnight shores,
No wires singing in the gusty lanes;
As she slips slow across the tossing floors,
An ocean wanderer in the sun and rains.*

Judge

The winners of Judge's
National Smile Week Contest
will be found in Judge of
April 8th, 1922.



With startling originality
the issue of April 1st will
be in the spirit of All Fools'
Day.

After months of impatient waiting
at last the day arrives. Artists,
writers—all hands generally,
seized eagerly upon this opportunity
to break the dull routine and really
act foolish.

William Allen White

(He'll never live down what he says.)

Heywood Broun

(Casts a perfectly good reputation to the winds.)

George Jean Nathan

(Claims he liked something once.)

Walter Prichard Eaton

(Oh, la-la!)

Walt Mason

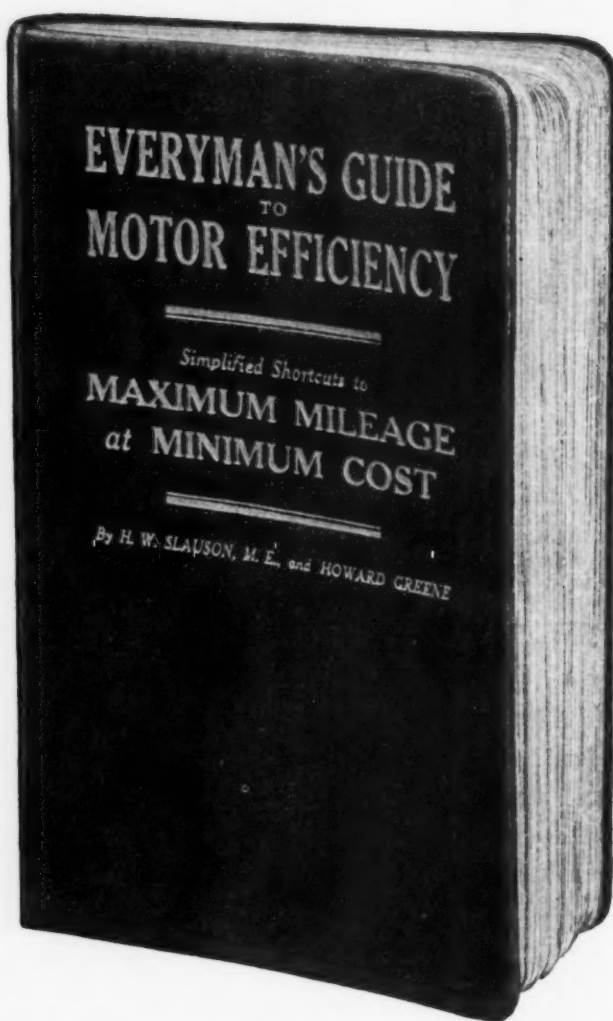
(The guy with a million friends.)

Donald Ogden Stewart

DeAlton Valentine

G. B. Inwood, Harold Lund

Hamilton Williams, Paul Reilly, H. J. Peck



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